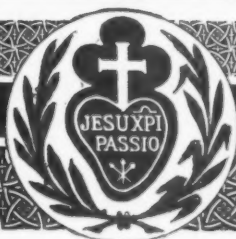


OCTOBER, 1923

PRICE, 20 CENTS

The Sign

A NATIONAL MONTHLY CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



HOLY CROSS ACADEMY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Ideal Boarding School for Girls—Separate Department for little girls. Modernly equipped, fireproof building, beautifully and healthfully located on Dumbarton Heights, overlooking the National Capital. Solid and refined education with the broadening influence of living in the political and social center of the United States.

Standard and Elective Courses.—Elementary, Commercial, Academic and Advanced Departments. Highest Facilities in Voice, Piano, Harp, Violin, Drawing, Painting and Languages, Art of Expression, Physical Culture and Home Economics. Extensive grounds offer ample space for Archery, Tennis, Basketball and other outdoor sports. Under care of chaperones students enjoy sightseeing excursions and visits to public buildings and sessions of Congress. Sisters of the Holy Cross.

Mount St. Andrew

In the Ramapo Hills
Ridgewood, New Jersey

Vacation Rest House
and Health Resort.

OPEN ALL YEAR

ADDRESS:
Sister Superior

The Sisters of St. Francis at

LADYCLIFF-ON-HUDSON

conduct an Academic High School and a Preparatory College. Also St. Joseph's Home, an institution for poor children at Peekskill, N.Y. Young ladies desiring to consecrate their lives to God in the cause of Christian education or in caring for neglected little ones, communicate with:

REV. MOTHER SUPERIOR
Mt. St., Francis, Peekskill, N. Y.

ACADEMY HOLY NAMES ROME, N. Y.

Ideal Boarding School for Young Ladies

University Affiliation Courses: Standard Elective, Commercial, Music, Normal Training, Progressive Series, Gymnasium, Outdoor Sports. Open during summer months for a limited number of boarders.

Address the Mother Superior

MOUNT DE SALES Academy of the Visitation

Estab. 1852 by Sisters of Visitation Music, Languages and Art Courses College—Preparatory and elective—Commodious buildings. Beautiful grounds. Homelike environment. Outdoor recreation. Catalogue on request. Address The Directress Catonsville, Maryland.



The Sign is published monthly at West Hoboken, N. J., by the Passionist Fathers. Subscription price: \$2.00 per year, in advance; single copies, 20c. Canada, \$2.25 per year. 25 cents per copy. Foreign, \$2.50 per year.

Rev. Theodore Noonan, C. P. Editor
Rev. Matthias Mayou, C. P. Treasurer
Rev. Harold Purcell, C. P. Man. Ed.
Rev. Cuthbert O'Gara, C. P. Secretary

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor. They should be typewritten, and accompanied by return postage. Available Mss. will be paid for on acceptance.

Subscriptions, Advertising, and Business Matters should be addressed to the Managing Editor. Advertising rates on application.

Requests for Renewals, Discontinuance, or Change of Address should be sent in two weeks before the date they are to go into effect. Both the old and new addresses should always be given.

Entered as Second Class Matter September 20, 1921, at the Post Office at West Hoboken, N. J., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyrighted, 1922.

ST. GABRIEL Passionist

By Father Camillus, C. P.

¶This is the latest and best life of the red-blooded boy who became a great saint.

¶The reading of it will furnish entertainment, edification and encouragement.

¶It will do much to bring St. Gabriel into his own as a miracle-worker and popular patron.

Paper-binding \$ 0.50
Cloth-binding 1.50

Order Your Copy Today

ADDRESS:

THE SIGN
West Hoboken, N. J.

CAMP WAUSHAKUM FOR GIRLS

AT FRAMINGHAM, MASSACHUSETTS—UNDER
AUSPICES OF SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH

MONTHS OF JULY AND AUGUST

Home Life with Camp activities including land and water sports under supervision of Sargent School graduates

For full particulars apply to Mt. St. Joseph Academy. Brighton, Mass.

College Of Saint Elizabeth

MORRISTOWN, NEW JERSEY
(P. O. Address, Convent Station)

A Catholic college for women, registered by the New York State University and the New Jersey and Pennsylvania State Boards of Education. Bachelor degree in arts, letters, science and music

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT—SAINT ELIZABETH ACADEMY

Academy of the Sacred Heart

HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY

Boarding and Day School

High School and Elementary Departments conducted by the Sisters of Charity, Convent Station, New Jersey

STUDENTS PREPARED FOR COLLEGE AND TRAINING SCHOOL



AMERICA'S FIRST Rosary Pilgrimage Center

ROSARY SHRINE
SUMMIT, NEW JERSEY
PUBLIC PILGRIMAGES

the first Sunday of every Month
preceded by a SOLEMN NO-
VENA for all intentions sent or
placed in petition box at the
Shrine, also for all those who
make the Pilgrimage.

MASS

on Pilgrimage Sundays for the
intentions of the PILGRIMS.
Arrangements can be made for
private pilgrimages and other
information obtained by writing
to

The Dominican Sisters
ROSARY SHRINE
SUMMIT, NEW JERSEY

The Cancerous Poor

Who Are Incurable
are offered a Home
Free of Charge
by the

Servants of Re- lief for Incur- able Cancer

at the Mother House
of the Congregation of St.
Rose of Lima

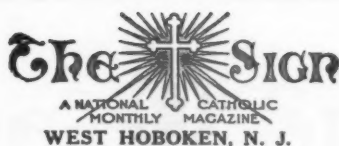
Rosary Hill Home

Hawthorn,
Westchester, Co. N. Y.
and

ST. ROSE'S FREE HOME

71 Jackson St., New York City

This Charity Is Supported En-
tirely by Donations From
the Public



CONTENTS
October, 1923

Current Fact and Comment.... 89

In the Light of the Passion—Envyng the
Leisure Class—Liberalism Suspected—Prohib-
ited Books—The Lay-Retreat—The Rosary—
Judging Parents—Passionist Appointments—
The Klan and the Cross—Valor and Discretion
—The Etold Lust—Methodism in Rome.

Catholic Ideals of Citizenship 93
Charles A. McMahon

Penitent: Apostle: Founder..... 96
Gabriel Francis Powers

Straight Talks on Marriage..... 101
Anselm Secor, C. P.

Veronica 102
Mary Dodge Ten Eyck

Practical Mysticism 103
William Moore

Klosterdorf 104
John Ayscough

The Sign Post 107

America and the Catholic Theatre 109
Michael Linden

The Flaming Love..... 110
Sister Mary Benvenuta, O. P.

Miss Watts 111
Ernest Oldmeadow

Reasonableness of Faith 117
Reginald Lummer, C. P.

Persecution—Then and Now 120
Hamilton Craigie

The Mother of Sorrows 121

The Appeal of Jesus Crucified ... 122

With the Junior Readers 124

With the Passionists in China ... 126

Index to Worthwhile Reading.... 132

The Hartmann Company

Makers and Importers of

Church Vestments and Embroideries

217 Broadway
(Near Barclay St.)

New York

SELECTED MATERIALS
FOREIGN and DOMESTIC
PERFECT WORKMANSHIP
Prompt Service

Oldest manufacturers of Vest-
ments and Ecclesiastical Em-
broideries in the United States.

PURE ALTAR WINES

We respectfully solicit the
valued patronage of the Rever-
end Clergy for our pure ap-
proved rubrical altar wines to
be used for sacramental pur-
poses only.

Our wines are made at our
own vineyards located in the
famous wine belt of California
—Rutherford, Napa Valley—
under the supervision of Rev.
D. O. Crowley, appointed for
that purpose by His Grace,
Archbishop E. J. Hanna. These
wines are sent to us in sealed
cars under government bond,
and we in turn distribute them
in the quantities and qualities
desired for the reverend clergy.

Our pure Mass Wines bear
the unqualified endorsement of
a great many Archbishops,
Bishops, Monsignori. Priests of
the Catholic Church as licit
and valid for the Holy Sacrifice
of the Mass. Recommendations
sent on request.

Send for Price List, Applica-
tion Forms and Samples.

BEAULIEU VINEYARD
DISTRIBUTING CO.

The House of Pure Altar Wines
47-49 Barclay Street, New York
City, N. Y.



An S O S From China

To the Readers of THE SIGN,
My dear Friends:

S O S here means "Save Our Souls." It is the cry that comes insistently from China where millions of human beings live in total ignorance of the Only True God.

In answer to this cry something has already been done in the way of sending devoted Missionaries and much needed material aid.

But the response has been insignificant to the gigantic needs behind the cry.

Some years ago a non-Catholic lawyer said to me: "Father, I always felt that you Catholics had a good thing and were hanging on to it."

We certainly have a good thing. It is the best thing in the world. It is the priceless gift of Faith. Unfortunately, many of us are "hanging" on to it.

We are unworthy of it unless we are actively willing to share it. And we can share it by contributing to the Passionist Missions in China.

And you can all contribute something. It is the spirit behind the gift that gives it value. The poor widow in the Gospel won the special praise of our Lord though her offering was only a mite—something hardly worth noticing.

Your mite is more than welcome. In fact it is largely upon mites that our Missionaries must depend. We are such strong believers in mites that we have procured a large supply of boxes to hold mites.

We have a mite-box for you. A postcard will fetch it to you. Write that postcard now!

Your mite-box will be a partial response to the S O S. There are other ways and means of responding to it. You will find these in the Chinese section and the advertising pages of THE SIGN.

And, please, don't forget that an S O S should be answered without delay.

Faithfully yours in Christ,

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.

The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. III

OCTOBER, 1923

No. 3

Current Fact and Comment

IN THE LIGHT OF THE PASSION

MANY of those who contemplated the brutal horrors of the war, especially at close range, not excepting those who prayed constantly for peace, were staggered and mystified in their efforts to reconcile it all with a benevolent Providence.

If they had been contemporaries of the Saviour, interestedly following Him in His human career, and had learned to love Him and to sympathize with His cause, they would likewise have been mystified at the steady triumph of His enemies and at the tragical end of the career of Him who claimed that He and the Author of Life were one.

As the ordinary observer could discover naught but tragedy on Calvary, so the immediate observer of the brutalities and tragedies of the Great War was inclined to attribute its developments only to heartless and irresistible fate.

The sufferings of the Redeemer, His shame, His apparent failures must be viewed in perspective with His ultimate triumphs. And the mysteries of life are solved only in the light of His career. Such clearly was the inspiration that came to the noted English artist, Sir William Orpen while engaged upon his painting "To the Unknown British Soldier in France" which *The Living Age* tells us set all London agog. The same authority continues:

Sir William originally contracted to paint three pictures for the Imperial War Museum. Two of these are already there, one representing the Peace Conference, the other the signing of the Treaty at Versailles. The third was to represent the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles, where the Treaty was signed, with the politicians, generals and admirals who won the war. Sir William made the portrait studies, painted the scene, and grouped the whole thirty or forty figures in the canvas. It cost him nine months of toil. But Sir William had been at the front during the war; he saw war as it was. He knew that modern war cannot be painted as Meissonier and Detaille painted the

wars of the last century. He knew its horror and its terrible cost. In a sudden frenzy of rage and disgust he painted out his whole picture. Generals, admirals and politicians vanished with a few contemptuous strokes of his brush.

And then, overcome with indignant emotion, he set on the canvas a painting to tell the world what he felt. It is not a pretty picture; it does not pretend to be one. He has shown a doorway in the Hall of Mirrors. In front of this is standing a coffin draped with the Union Jack. On each side stand two soldiers apparently on guard. Into these figures the artist has put all the hatred and horror of war. The soldiers are nearly nude. Their flesh is not in the ordinary flesh tone, but in the horrible greenish hue of the body that has long lain on the field. They are gaunt and emaciated. In his hand each soldier holds a rifle, and each looks out at the spectator over the coffin of the Unknown Soldier. Above them two cherubs are flying and behind, through the arch, is an avenue of light leading up to the Crucifix. As an English critic says, the artist seems to cry aloud: "To what purpose, O Statesmen of the world, have you sacrificed these children?"

ENVYING THE LEISURE CLASS

THE vacation season presents many instances of social contrasts. Gay throngs headed for mountain and seaside while porters totter under the burden of their ample baggage. The millionaire lolling on the deck of his steam yacht while the stoker perspires below. The scant fortnight of relief from counter and ledger allowed saleswoman and clerk while the rich linger carefree, migrating with the seasons. Vast reaches of nicely cropped lawns and links strictly reserved for the delight of a few while many are huddled in bungalows affording the accommodation that lends significance to the saying: no man needs a vacation more than he who has just had one.

Stopping at the consideration of such contrasts one is apt to draw obvious conclusions and to demand a solution whereby productive employment may be

THE † SIGN

more equably distributed. This is the common genesis of all Utopias. Thus Steinmetz sees a reaction from industrialism in another century and promises that there will be no need for anyone to work more than four hours a day. Diversion rather than labor will be the rule. Men will be less concerned about bread and wages than about the newest form of recreation.

But the aforementioned contrasts set the situation in rather too sharp a light and do not afford a safe premise for speculation. On the one hand the average toiler is not altogether deprived of opportunities for recreation according to his bent. One editor insists: "There is so much waste leisure just now that a large part of the world asks itself between yawns 'What'll we do to-night?'" On the other hand it is an old truth that the idleness of the rich bores them and their pleasures pall. Substituting rest and diversion for employment will never bring contentment to the individual nor success to any system seeking to solve social inequality. Not even in heaven are we promised rest so much as the fullest exercise of our highest faculties.

LIBERALISM SUSPECTED

WHEN Meiklejohn of Amherst in his final speech said:

I am a minority man. I am always wanting change. I am almost always in an issue against the larger number. I differ from most of you on most of the issues of life, and I am going to keep it up.

He sounded like a bookmaker or faro expert expounding his system of winning rather than the scientist that he professed to be. At the same time he assumed an attitude which anyone will promptly recognize as typical of all liberalism. It is significant that obscurity has already quite completely enveloped him. There is hope for public opinion when surfeit and nausea produce their normal reactions.

The appeal of the liberals, even of reformers of religion, has always been to the love of change in human nature and to the suspicion that majorities are tyrannical. The Meiklejohn flare-up revealed nothing more. He waved tradition, logic and accumulated evidence aside with the usual contemptuous gesture. He staked much on the American "pent-up ache" for freedom and sympathy for the under dog.

It is well that incidents like this train the public to suspect the air of finality assumed by those in the role of scientists, and of otherwise facile writers and speakers; to suspect particularly their great swelling words of discontent and denunciation, and their impudent sneers. It is so much gained when even simple minds learn not to be hypnotized by cocksureness that is not based upon demonstrated conclusions.

PROHIBITED BOOKS

THE deliberation and fairness involved in placing a book on the Index may be deduced from the formula of the process itself:

In a general session of the Sacred Congregation of the Holy Office the Most Eminent and Reverend Lord Cardinals especially appointed to defend faith and morals, after the Most Rev. Consultors had cast their vote, prescribed, condemned and ordered to be inserted in the index of prohibited books the works of ———. His Holiness, Pius XI has approved, confirmed and commanded this resolution to be published.

It should not be deemed a hardship to a conscientious Catholic to realize that he is barred from reading the mass of literature included in the Index of prohibited books. For instruction, culture and entertainment there is still enough legitimate reading left to occupy a lifetime. To an impartial mind it should be clear that any publication included in the Index is so consigned only after fair and thorough examination as to its character or motive from the standpoint of faith and morals. Many works might not be so consigned could it be presumed that Catholics had the opportunity and inclination to select for their reading works written in refutation of the errors or as antidotes to the evil influences in the works condemned.

Admitting that the perusal of works propounding vital errors and immoral theories, often in charming literary form, is disturbing to heart and mind, we should concede the reasonableness of such an institution as the Index. It is a labor-saving medium for every Christian's conscience. The burden of inquiry as to whether it is safe to read any book rests upon the reader. There need be no such inquiry regarding books on the Index.

Of course, not all books that have escaped formal condemnation are safe reading. This is especially true of the steady output of scientific, historical and literary encyclopedias. It is regrettable that, in the composition of these handy and popular forms, liberal authorities are chiefly employed. The primary motive of enterprising publishers is profit. Let them realize that a considerable number, preferring sober truth to romance and sensation, refrain from their patronage and there will be a better chance for sane authorities to assert themselves.

THE LAY-RETREAT

EULOGIES of a good cause often lose their force through weary repetition. Thus it might seem to some that all that could be said in favor of lay-retreats had been earnestly said, and that we had but to watch for the inevitable results. There are still many without understanding of lay-retreats as a facile

THE † SIGN

means of setting one's most important affairs in satisfactory order and of obtaining the clearest perspective of time and eternity. To reach and attract these it will be useful, of course, periodically to present the motives and to repeat the plea.

But the removal by death of the noted director at Manresa, Father Shealey, presented a new point of view regarding the efficacy of lay-retreats. As so frequently happens with great leaders, more than his living presence did his removal by death reveal how much he had swayed the hearts of men. It was not so much the material monument or the system he left behind, but, as *America* observes, "the sanctified lives of thousands of men" that reveal more impressively the influence he wielded.

THE ROSARY

WE should take thought this month as to the regularity and quality of our devotion to the Rosary. Certainly we should not reckon it a mark of extraordinary piety if we recite the Rosary without fail once a day especially if we recall all that has been said in its favor—its origin, its sublime composition, its attractive arrangement.

The distinguishing feature of the Rosary by which the same prayer is repeated over and over is to some a source of weariness. These do not grasp the purpose of this repetitional feature. For their benefit we quote from the *Parish Magazine* of West Battersea, England:

The constant repetition need not weary us because the same words are clothed with a new meaning not only in each mystery but in every single Hail Mary, for can we not imagine the different points, say of the Birth of our Lord; the Mother, the angels, the cave and the shepherds, St. Joseph and the like? Ten Aves or a thousand would not suffice to exhaust these sublime truths.

The obligation frequently to recall what Christ endured in the work of our redemption can be satisfied in some measure by our choosing the sorrowful mysteries for contemplation while we recite the Rosary.

JUDGING PARENTS

WILL you please tell me how a child can respect its parents after it has seen them turkey-trotting?" inquires Booth Tarkington. This startling observation is suggestive on the whole subject of parental good example. We believe that the number of our own married folk who choose dancing as an habitual diversion is negligible. We invite those who delay entering the married state through reluctance to abandon the old rounds of pleasure to study and trust to the law of compensation by which our tastes are altered and improved along with the change in our

interests and responsibilities. Normal married people are soon satisfied with the exchange by which various appropriate interests engage their minds and affections in place of the old frivolities.

Nevertheless the noted author's quip is eminently suggestive. Why should parents turkey-trotting in the presence of their children appear more edifying than the same parents addicted to selfishness, to intemperance, to profanity, to daily mutual incriminations, or the same parents habitually unconcerned about the affairs of religion and the after-life?

PASSIONIST APPOINTMENTS

Following recent elections and appointments we submit a list of various offices and charges now held by Fathers in the Eastern province of the Passionists:

Provincial, Very Rev. Fr. Stanislaus Grennan, C.P., 1st Consultor, Very Rev. Matthias Mayou, C.P. 2nd. Consultor, Very Rev. Sebastian Ochsenreiter, C.P.

West Hoboken: Rector, Very Rev. John Vanston, C.P., Vice-Rector, Rev. Oswin McGibbon, C.P. Pastor, Rev. Justinian Tobin, C.P. Assistants, Rev. William Harding, C.P., Rev. Hugh McMahon, C.P., Rev. Richard Fay, C.P. Lector of Moral Theology, Rev. Adrian Lynch, C.P. Lector of Homiletics, Rev. Austin Luckenbill, C.P. Director of Students, Rev. Hilarion O'Rourke. At St. Joseph's, Rev. Conrad Eiben and Rev. Bernard Hartmann, C.P.

Pittsburgh: Rector, Very Rev. Benjamin Wirtz, C.P. Vice-Rector, Rev. Athanasius Burke, C.P. Master of Novices, Very Rev. Clement Lee, C.P. Vice-Master, Rev. Roger Monson, C.P. Director of Lay-retreats, Rev. Edwin Coyle, C.P. At St. Michael's, Rev. George Hack, C.P. Pastor. Assistants, Rev. Wendelin Meis, C.P., Rev. Michael Rausch, C.P.

Boston: Rector, Very Rev. Mark Cotter, C.P. Vice-Rector, Rev. Ferdinand Immikus, C.P. Lector of Dogma, Rev. Columban Courtmann, C.P. Lector of Scripture, Rev. Andrew Maguire, C.P. Director of Lay-retreats, Rev. Philip Bolger, C.P.

Dunkirk: St. Mary's Monastery, Rector, Very Rev. Felix Ward, C.P. Vice-Rector, Rev. Florian Kund, C.P. Lector of Dogma, Rev. Ronan O'Connor, C.P. Director of Students, Rev. Leo Smith, C.P. Pastor, Rev. Maurice Kanzleiter, C.P. Assistant, Rev. Robert Emmons, C.P.

Holy Cross Preparatory College: Rector, Very Rev. Emmanuel Carey, C.P. Vice-Rector, Rev. Urban Manley, C.P. Professors: Rev. Cuthbert O'Gara, C.P., Rev. Hyacinth Sullivan, C.P., Rev. Anthony Ainsboro, C.P., Rev. Adelbert Poletti, C.P., Rev. Cassian Sullivan, C.P., Rev. Alexander Croker C.P.

Baltimore: Rector, Very Rev. Alban Calligee, C.P. Vice-Rector, Rev. Gerald O'Neill, C.P. Lector of Belles Lettres, Rev. Matthew Kuebel, C.P. Director of Students, Rev. Gilbert Smith, C.P. Pastor, Rev. Aloysius Boyle, C.P. Assistant, Rev. Fabian Fortune, C.P. St. Mary's Industrial School, Rev. Francis Murrmann, C.P. St. Agnes Hospital,

THE † SIGN

Rev. Patrick Darragh, C.P. St. Joseph's College, Rev. Gabriel Demmey, C.P.

Scranton: Rector, Very Rev. Benedict Huck, C.P. Vice-Rector, Rev. Edward Goggin, C.P. Lector of Philosophy, Rev. Anselm Hoyle, C.P. Lector of Church History, Rev. Alfred Duffy, C.P. Lector of Sciences, Rev. Herman Fadale, C.P. Pastor, Rev. Chrysostom Smith, C.P. Assistant, Rev. Thomas Dempsey, C.P.

New York City: Superior, Rev. Alexis Cunneen, C.P. Assistant, Rev. Leonard Byrne, C.P. Veterans' Hospital No. 81, Rev. Julius Boyd, C. P.

Springfield, (West), Mass.: Superior, Rev. Justin Carey, C.P. Assistant, Rev. Lawrence Stevens, C.P.

In the Western Province:

Provincial, Very Rev. Eugene Creegan, C.P. 1st Consultor, Very Rev. Cletus Brady, C.P. 2nd Consultor, Very Rev. Bonaventure Oberst, C.P. Master of Novices, Very Rev. Jerome Reutermann, C.P.

Rectors: At Cincinnati, Very Rev. Michael O'Brien, C.P.; at Louisville, Very Rev. Leander Berliner, C.P.; at St. Louis, Very Rev. Anselm Secor, C.P.; at St. Paul, Kansas, Very Rev. Bernard Brady, at Chicago, Very Rev. Edwin Ronan, C.P.; at Des Moines, Very Rev. Silvan McGarry, C.P.

THE KLAN AND THE CROSS

THE Klan makes a big bid for public favor when it most solemnly introduces the American Constitution and the Cross of Christ into its ritual. We have reason to suspect that their use of the sacred emblem of Redemption savors of hypocrisy if not of blasphemy. Assuredly such a suspicion is justified if their appeal to the Cross is only as sincere and consistent as their appeal to the Constitution. The latter appeal has been proven a repulsive lie, and it is a painful revelation to honest Americans that so many of their countrymen can be so readily aligned with error and delusion.

It is not the first time in history that the Cross has been usurped to bolster an alien cause. We may leave the Klan to the usual fate of those who make so blasphemous a venture.

VALOR AND DISCRETION

I WAS safe by a hair: no less than a score of bullets and a grenade broke a foot from me and wounded a couple of men farther away than myself. I learned that ducking was useless, and now can keep my head up and let them whiz by as fast as they like.—Letter from a son on the front.

It is easy to fancy a green soldier in his first advance to battle vainly hoping for immunity by ducking his head and crouching. In a short time he is surprised to find himself advancing erect and quite without fear. God likewise imparts timidity to the young whereby

they instinctively recoil from the peril of temptation. Woe to them when through use and familiarity that instinct vanishes—when they make bold to go into the danger!

THE BLOOD LUST

A CANVAS covered ring, two half-naked men, eighty-five thousand staring humans shrouded in the deep pall of an autumn night: and the scene is set for an eagerly awaited bout. The crowd is already drunk with blood, and during the four minutes that the two sweaty, panting men stagger around the ring and club each other for gold, the mob sways in tense, rigid silence, licking up through their eyes each fresh fleck of crimson blood as it spurts from the battered hulks who are furnishing such noble sport. But as soon as one gory giant lies sprawled on the canvas bereft of reason, the wild horde bursts like a tidal wave into the arena leaving in its wake the debris of splintered benches and torn clothing.

How readily does not our mind go back to the days of Robespierre when a ton of sand was daily required to enable the executioner to retain his footing on the guillotine slippery with human blood! When thousands howled their approval each time the slender blade descended and the warm blood of noble men and noble women gushed over the blood-sodden grounds! When the crowd shrieked in drunken delight as each fresh basket of human heads was carted away for burial!

What an insight do we not receive into the heart of that blood-lustful mob which answered a Roman weakling in words that have reverberated through the vaults of eternity, "Away with Him, crucify Him. His blood be upon us and upon our children!"

METHODISM IN ROME

ON the green slopes of Monte Mario overlooking the Vatican grounds American Methodists are planning the erection of a great church and university. These buildings will represent the fight which the Methodists are making to contest the dominance of Catholicism in the Eternal City. Their ultimate purpose is, in the words of the *Osservatore Romano*, "to drive the Pope out of the capital of the Catholic world."

With the witness of history before them, these American Methodists should know that it will take something more than effrontery and money to accomplish their purpose. They should also realize that Catholicism flourished in Rome for sixteen centuries before Wesley was born and that it will be just as vigorous there centuries after Methodism has been numbered among the defunct sects.

Catholic Ideals of Citizenship

As Set Forth in the National Pastorals of the American Hierarchy

By CHARLES A. McMAHON

HERE has just been issued from the headquarters of the National Catholic Welfare Council a most remarkable historical volume. While not issued as a history, the book is in many respects the most authoritative records of the growth of the Catholic Church in America that has ever been published. The volume is titled *The National Pastorals of the American Hierarchy* (1792-1919). In its 358 pages are contained all the national pastorals (thirteen in number) issued by the archbishops and bishops of the Church of this country from the pioneer period of Carroll to the glorious days of Gibbons. The condition of the Church in the various epochs of her growth and development, the problems with which her leaders have had to contend, and the principles and policies which they have officially advocated are reflected in this treatise, in which, for the first time, all the official messages of the American prelates are brought together.

While the pastorals deal with a great variety of subjects—Catholic education, Church discipline, the training of the clergy and religious, marriage, divorce, development of the spiritual and religious life, and topics relating to social, economic and other subjects—in nearly every one the subject of Catholic citizenship is considered. It is especially with the Hierarchy's pronouncements on this important phase of Catholic life that this present article is concerned.

It may seem strange to many that in these enlightened days the same charges are made against Catholics as were heard during the early days of the Church in the United States. Then, as to-day, the loyalty of Catholics to the country was questioned on the ground of their "allegiance to a foreign potentate or power." While this charge has been answered times without number, twentieth century bigots continue to repeat the accusation with all the venom and malice which inspired the persecutors of the Church in the initial period of her establishment here. Due to misrepresentations of the Church by paid purveyors of prejudice, Catholics in all sections of the United States are daily called upon to differentiate, often to those who refuse to understand, between the *civil* and *political* allegiance required by the State and the allegiance demanded by their Church in *spiritual* and *ecclesiastical* affairs. On this point the Pastoral Letter of 1837 speaks in clear and unmistakable terms, as follows:

"We owe no religious allegiance to any State in

this Union, nor to its general government. No one of them claims any supremacy or dominion over us in our spiritual or ecclesiastical concerns; nor does it claim any such right or power over any of our fellow citizens, of whatsoever religion they may be: and if such a claim was made, neither would our fellow citizens, nor would we submit thereto. They and we, by our constitutional principles, are free to give this ecclesiastical supremacy to whom we please, or to refuse it to every one, if we so think proper: but, they and we owe civil and political allegiance to the several States in which we reside, and also, to our general government. When, therefore, using our undoubted right, we acknowledge the spiritual and ecclesiastical supremacy of the chief bishop of our universal church, the Pope or bishop of Rome, we do not thereby forfeit our claims to the civil and political protection of the commonwealth; for, we do not detract from the allegiance to which the temporal governments are plainly entitled, and which we cheerfully give; nor do we acknowledge any civil or political supremacy, or power over us in any foreign potentate or power, though that potentate might be the chief pastor of our church."

WHILE, as has been stated, nearly all the pastorals emphasize the rights, responsibilities and duties of citizenship, it remained for the American Hierarchy of the present time to issue the most forceful pronouncement on that subject that has ever emanated from an ecclesiastical source. The Pastoral of the Archbishops and Bishops of the American Hierarchy issued in 1919 at the close of the World War contains, perhaps, the most noteworthy exposition of the civil and political duties of the people that have ever been given to the citizens of this country. This Pastoral, in the words of Rev. Peter Guilday, D.D., who edited the volume, "bears on its pages unmistakable evidence of the best Catholic scholarship of our times." It might in truth be called the Magna Charta of Catholic social action. The passages in which it treats of the duties and responsibilities of citizenship are well worth careful examination.

The bishops point out in this letter that any scheme of life—individual, social, political—must recognize God and His Supreme Rule and must acknowledge Him to be the source of justice and right.

"Reverent acknowledgement of our dependence on Him," says the Pastoral, "and of our responsibility to Him, acknowledgment not in word alone but in the

THE † SIGN

conduct of our lives, is at once our highest duty and our strongest title to the enjoyment of our rights. This acknowledgment we express in part by our service of prayer and worship. But prayer and worship will not avail, unless we also render the broader service of good will, which, in conformity with His will, follows the path of duty in every sphere of life."

The bishops make it clear that, as we are not the authors of our own being, we are not masters of ourselves and our powers; that we may not determine for ourselves the ultimate aim of our existence or the means of its attainment. This thought is elaborated upon in the following paragraph, which in three noble sentences expresses the whole purpose of life and the standard by which we should gauge our personal conduct.

"Obedience to His law, making our wills identical with His, invests us with a personal dignity which neither self-assertion nor the approval of others can ever bestow. The man who bows in obedience to the law of his Maker, rises above himself and above the world to an independence that has no bounds save the Infinite. To do as God commands, whatever the world may think or say, is to be free, not by human allowance but under the approval of Him whose services is perfect freedom."

"In the light of this central truth," continues the Pastoral, "we can understand and appreciate the principle on which our American liberties are founded—that all men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights." These are conferred by God with equal bounty upon every human being, and therefore, in respect of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, the same rights belong to all men and for the same reason. Not by mutual concession or covenant, not by warrant or grant from the State, are these rights established; they are the gift and bestowal of God. In consequence of this endowment, and therefore in obedience to the Creator's will, each of us is bound to respect the rights of his fellowmen. This is the essential meaning of justice, the great law antecedent to all human enactment and contrivance, the only foundation on which may rest securely the fabric of society and the structure of our political, legal and economic systems."

HAVING thus clearly revealed the fundamental truth that it is the citizen's duty to recognize God as the source of all authority, the bishops proceed to define the powers of the State and the right attitude of the citizen toward the State. Explaining that rulers and people must accept and be guided by the truth that "the State is not merely the invention of human forethought and that its power is not created by human agreement," the Pastoral continues:

"Destined as we are by our Maker to live together in social intercourse and mutual co-operation for the fulfillment of our duties, the proper development of our faculties and the adequate satisfaction of our wants, our association can be orderly and prosperous only when the wills of the many are directed by that moral power which we call authority. This is the unifying and co-ordinating principle of the social structure. It has its origin in God alone. In whom it shall be vested and by whom exercised, is determined in various ways, sometimes by the outcome of circumstances and providential events, sometimes by the express will of the people. But the right which it possesses to legislate, to execute and administer, is derived from God Himself. 'There is no power but from God; and those that are, are ordained of God.' Consequently, 'he that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God.'"

"The State, then, has a sacred claim upon our respect and loyalty. It may justly impose obligations and demand sacrifices, for the sake of the common welfare which it is established to promote. It is the means to an end, not an end in itself; and because it receives its power from God, it cannot rightfully exert that power through any act or measure that would be at variance with the divine law, or with the divine economy for man's salvation. As long as the State remains within its proper limits and really furthers the common good, it has a right to our obedience. And this obedience we are bound to render, not merely on grounds of expediency but as a conscientious duty."

Protection of the divinely established rights of the individual and of the family and safeguarding the liberty of all are asserted by the bishops as the foremost duty of the State. In performing this duty, however, the State "may not rightly hinder the citizen in the discharge of his conscientious obligation, and much less in the performance of duties which he owes to God." Continuing the Pastoral says:

"The State itself should be the first to appreciate the importance of religion for the preservation of the commonwealth. It can ill afford at any time, and least of all in the present condition of the world, to reject the assistance which Christianity offers for the maintenance of peace and order. 'Let princes and rulers of the people,' says Pope Benedict XV, 'bear this in mind and bethink themselves whether it be wise and salutary, either for public authority or for the nations themselves, to set aside the holy religion of Jesus Christ, in which that very authority may find such powerful support and defense. Let them seriously consider whether it be the part of political wisdom to exclude from the ordinance of the State and from public instruction, the teaching of the Gospel and of the Church. Only too well does experience show that when religion is banished, human authority totters to its fall.'"

THE † SIGN

It is pointed out that the founders of the Republic realized this fact as is proven by the deep religious spirit which pervaded its first institutions; the homes of the people and even the schools of the early period of the nation, which were almost exclusively religious schools. The Pastoral calls upon Catholics to see that the spirit of reverence to God and His law, which animated the founders of our nation, be preserved by the people of to-day and transmitted in its fullness to posterity.

THE bishops call upon Catholics to see that our political system be kept healthy and that our government be administered for the best interests of the people and according to their express will. The only way that these results can be accomplished, they state, is by the adoption of right principles, the choice of worthy candidates for office and the direction of partisan efforts toward the nation's true welfare and the purity of elections. Dishonesty in politics comes in for the bishops' condemnation, when they say:

"The idea that politics is exempt from the requirements of morality is both false and pernicious; it is practically equivalent to the notion that in government there is neither right nor wrong, and that the will of the people is simply an instrument to be used for private advantage."

The bishops call especial attention to the "sense and performance of duty" required of those who serve the people in public office. Integrity, righteous administration of public funds, and strict observance of law, are referred to as vital elements in the life of the nation.

"To establish by the use of authority," they say, "the order of living for the whole people, is a function that demands the clearest perspective of right and the most fidelity to the principles of justice. If the good of the country is the one true object of all political power, this is preeminently true of the legislative power. Since law as a means of protecting right and preserving order, is essential to the life of the State, justice must inspire legislation and concern for the public weal must furnish the single motive for enactment. The passing of an unjust law is the suicide of authority. The efficacy of legislation depends on the wisdom of laws, not on their number, and upon the vigorous execution of all laws by the duly constituted authorities."

Because of the dependence of public welfare upon the intelligence of the citizen, it is pointed out that the State has a vital concern in education. The right of a State to insist upon the education of its citizens is admitted as are also the right and duty of the State to exclude the teaching of doctrines which aim at the subversion of law and order and therefore at the destruction of the State. The right of the State to monopolize education, however, is denied, the Pastoral stating

that "the State is bound to respect and protect the rights of the citizen and especially of the parent."

"If the function of government," state the bishops, "is to protect the liberty of the citizen and if the aim of education is to prepare the individual for the rational use of his liberty, the State cannot rightly or consistently make education a pretext for interfering with the rights and liberties which the Creator, not the State, has conferred."

"With great wisdom our American Constitution provides that every citizen shall be free to follow the dictates of his conscience in the matter of religious belief and observance. While the State gives no preference or advantage to any form of religion, its own best interests require that religion as well as education should flourish and exert its wholesome influence upon the lives of the people. And since education is so powerful an agency for the preservation of religion, equal freedom should be secured to both. This is the more needful where the State refuses religious instruction any place in its schools. To compel the attendance of all children at these schools, would be practically equivalent to an invasion of the rights of conscience, in respect of those parents who believe that religion forms a necessary part of education."

"Our Catholic schools are not established and maintained with any idea of holding our children apart from the general body and spirit of American citizenship. They are simply the concrete form in which we exercise our rights as free citizens, in conformity with the dictates of conscience. Their very existence is a great moral fact in American life. For while they aim, openly and avowedly, to preserve our Catholic faith, they offer to all our people an example of the use of freedom for the advancement of morality and religion."

READING of all the Pastorals issued by the bishops of the Church in this country brings out the fact of their continual striving to inculcate in their flocks the highest and best ideals of citizenship. No one can read these letters without being convinced of the patriotism of the American Hierarchy and of their zeal to promote the highest standards of citizenship, not only among the Catholic population, but among the whole American people. A further conclusion that is certain to form in the minds of those who read these noble pronouncements of the bishops on the rights and duties of citizens is that although the Church is international, its Hierarchy and members in America are thoroughly American.

It is announced that the Bible has been successfully translated into the language of Chicago. That should facilitate the work of the heroic little band of missionaries who have sacrificed all the joys of civilized life in the hope of carrying some enlightenment into Darkest America.—*Buffalo Examiner*.

Penitent: Apostle: Founder

The Life Story of St. Paul of the Cross

By Gabriel Francis Powers
(Copyright, 1923, by THE SIGN)

CHAPTER VIII.

"THE RETREAT OF THE PRESENTATION OF OUR LADY"

THE first difficulty of Fr. Paul in regard to the building for which the Queen of Heaven had deigned to ask him, was that he was in a state of poverty such that frequently he and his companions were obliged to eat the roots and herbs of the mountain side, having no other food of any kind. A benefactor in Orbetello had given orders that a small quantity of bread should be delivered to the hermits every day at his expense but this alms was only continued for a time.

Father Paul always refused to accept money, even as the offering of charity, and when he understood that he was to erect a dwelling for the future Congregation, he found himself in possession of just one coin, a *testone*, or as others have stated, of three *paoli*, the equivalent of thirty cents. But his confidence in Divine Providence was very great. He began by speaking to Capt. Grazi, to Don Giacomo and to other wealthy, charitable residents of the town of Orbetello, and these gentlemen having brought the matter before the civic council, a good deal of interest was shown and approval expressed that a house should be erected for the hermits on the plateau of Argentaro which faced toward their city. It was found, however, that the land belonged to the former occupants of the Hermitage of S. Anthony, and that it would be necessary to indemnify them for it legally, and that, furthermore, it would be necessary to obtain the consent of the Commendatory Abbot of the Abbey of the Three Fountains, of which Abbacy the Hermitage was a dependence, the said Abbot and Lord being at the time a Roman Prince, Cardinal Lorenzo Altieri.

This great personage, appealed to for permission to build upon the mountain, showed himself hesitant and unwilling. The reason is not clear; whether he feared to displease the religious family whose Commendatory Abbot he was, or whether he did not wish to appear as if he were giving encouragement, prematurely, to a new Congregation not yet approved by the Holy See, he neither declared nor denied his consent. In this uncertainty it was impossible to proceed with the building, and several persons who, for reasons of their own, were against it, made haste to spread an untrue report that Rome was opposed to the foundation and that the Sovereign Pontiff did not approve of the projected institute in honor of the Sacred Passion.

These condemnatory rumors, though they were but the inventions of idle and malicious imaginations, set the tides of public opinion against the solitaires of Mount Argentaro, and not only was the erection of the Retreat halted, but even the small alms of bread and other lowly commodities ceased, so that the poor hermits were in positive want and often forced to endure stern hunger.

Just when Fr. Paul had hoped to see the first house of his Congregation, he found himself abandoned by his late benefactors and friends, with very few exceptions, and he realized in the general coldness and distance of the population that, humanly speaking, his enterprise was lost.

THUS while at Argentaro a local question of great interest troubled and grieved not a few minds and hearts, at a short distance away, in central Italy; further to the north, in the Milanese, and beyond these in Spain, France, Austria, preparations for war, engrossed the attention of the world at large.

Elizabeth Farnese, Queen of Spain, daughter and heiress of the Duke of Parma and Piacenza, had just sent her fifteen year old son, Don Carlos, accompanied by six thousand Spanish lances, to take possession of the fair Italian dukedom which was her portion. Austria, then ruling over a large portion of Italy and Sicily, strengthened her garrisons and armed her forts, one of which was Orbetello on the Tuscan sea-coast, uncertain of just what the advent of Don Carlos might portend. France waited before throwing in her gauntlet against Austria.

The future was thus clouded and threatening, and the peoples involved, anxious as to their pending fate. Ten thousand men were packed into the barracks at Orbetello, and perhaps on account of the crowded, unsanitary conditions, perhaps through some pollution of the drinking water, a terrible epidemic broke out in the camps and in the city, and death, long before the arrival of any invading power, began to ravage garrison and inhabitants, so that it seemed as if the plague itself were loose, some gaunt horror and terror from which there was no escape. People fell down in the streets, overcome by the pestilent sickness, and the dead were so many it became impossible to give them burial. The living fled from the infection of the

THE † SIGN

corpses, and the conditions thus grew continually worse.

FATHER PAUL had suffered with great patience and resignation the coolness of the population of Orbetello toward him, and their abandonment of the building which they had promised him. He descended the mountain and came down into the midst of them at the first tidings which reached him of the epidemic. Most important in his eyes were the souls of the unhappy beings struck down unprepared, many of them in youth or in the prime of life. He went from house to house, to the hospitals, to the lazaretto, and frequently at the roadside or on the public square he must pause to bend down and hear the confession of some poor wretch who had been seized there in the open and already was dying.

In the end, as the sickness waned, he fell before it himself, exhausted and with no reserve of strength to resist the attack. He crawled back to the mountain, apparently to die. His brothers could do but little to succor him, and though the original strength of his constitution reacted at last against the sickness, he was so prostrated by the disease and the extenuation of his labors during the epidemic, that it was long before he was able to rise from his poor sack of straw.

The population of Orbetello had the grace to be grateful for the more than generous and devoted assistance which their sick and dying, and even the dead, had received at the hands of Father Paul, and they were troubled at his grave illness and the imminent peril in which he lay. No sooner did he begin to recover, than they renewed their promise to build for him on Argentaro, and the title of the land having been better examined it was found that it belonged not to the Abbey but to the realm of Naples. Material was carried up the mountain side in sufficient abundance, and the Saint, with the rustic stick which he was in the habit of carrying and upon which he leaned in many a steep place, drew upon the ground, roughly, the outline of the walls of church and hermitage. This was to be Our Lady of the Presentation, the sanctuary

dedicated to her for which the holy Mother of God had asked.

But too many difficulties still blocked the way. The consent of Cardinal Altieri who had ecclesiastical jurisdiction over the mountain was still withheld, and that far threat of war had drawn nearer by the invasion of Northern Italy, the French troops sent over the Alps to support the King of Sardinia fighting hard to drive the Austrian forces out of Piedmont and the Milanese. Orbetello ruled and garrisoned by the Empire felt that at any moment her turn might come to be attacked, and all her thoughts were turned on fortifying her strongholds and preparing her defences. Once more Father Paul saw the enterprise abandoned. An order of the government forbidding new structures to be put up at this time, and aimed no doubt at preserving material and labor for the army, completed the inhibition of the efforts of the solitaires. There was no remedy save

resignation, and entire abandonment to the Will of God. The hermits remained at the hermitage of S. Anthony where rain poured in and the rats held high carnival.



FORT PHILIP AT ORBETELLO

IN the spring of the year 1733 it was the neighboring city of Orbetello which called upon the hermit of Argentaro for a solemn mission to be given during the Carnival in the Cathedral Church, and Father Paul felt that

it was a very important occasion, because he was as it were among his own people, he had a deep personal interest in many among them, they were, if any, to be the sponsors of his yet unborn Congregation, and he was convinced that the salvation of a great number of souls depended upon the word he was to speak to them.

The last day of the mission, before leaving the pulpit, Father Paul made one last earnest request to the people of Orbetello that they should resume work on that poor foundation of Mount Argentaro, which, begun almost two years before, had been abandoned when the walls were but rudiments above the soil. He had begged for so small a structure, and even that had not been put up! "That material prepared by you with so much care," he pleaded, "has been lying now for a long time upon the mountain, almost a useless en-

THE † SIGN

cumbrance, trampled by your cattle. The timber is rotting; the hoofs of your bullocks smash the bricks and tiles; and, among the stones, the serpent hides and the fox makes his haunt. To our sins, let your forgetfulness be attributed! We resign ourselves to the will of Divine Providence, and recognizing that we are unworthy of your concern, we are resolved to go elsewhere and offer to some other people the opportunity to acquire merit before God."

Having thus concluded his address, the Saint left the pulpit and directed his steps toward the mountain; but a few prominent men of the city who had heard with lively distress and compunction his ultimatum in the Cathedral, hastened to the gate through which he must pass on his outward way, and implored him not to leave them, promising that they would set to work immediately upon the church and dwelling, and that he should never have reason to regret that he had granted their prayer.

BUT the sanctuary of the Presentation of Our Lady had not yet reached the end of its vicissitudes. On the 20th day of January, in the year 1734, the young Duke of Parma and Piacenza, Don Carlos, escorted by the Generalissimo Marquis de Montemar, began a sort of triumphal march toward the south, intending to claim for himself the throne of Naples.

Orbetello had an Austrian garrison, some of the troops being mercenaries of other nationalities, and the main town, as well as San Stefano, Portercole, and several of the minor hills toward the sea, were strongly fortified. In the general alarm and immediate preparations for defence, the building of the Retreat was again abandoned, inevitably, and the solitaries devoted all their energies to preparing the population around them, and especially the troops, to be in spiritual readiness for whatever eventuality might be before them.

The siege of Orbetello followed upon the taking of Mount Argentaro by the Spaniards; they lay for twenty-nine days around Forte Filippo, on the hill of the same name, and having at length blown up the powder magazine, the garrison surrendered and the assailants took possession of the heights, and of Portercole at the foot of the mountain. In the heat of the

summer Spanish troops proceeded to surround Orbetello, lying encamped in the plain, whereon malarial fever ravaged them, and the General in command, Marquis de las Minas, grew exceedingly wroth because he could not reduce Orbetello, (which his own Spain had fortified in former days), and his army was being decimated. It is said that a casual meeting had occurred months before between Father Paul and the Marquis; a Spanish patrol, encountering the holy missionary in the vicinity of Santafiora, where he was no doubt preaching, had brought him before the commander, suspecting that he might be a spy. The General was far more clear-sighted; touched and edified at the holy demeanor and unusual words of one who was so evidently a saint, he treated him with the deepest respect and the most exquisite courtesy, and insisted that the stranger priest must dine with him before pursuing his way.



CHURCH AND RETREAT OF THE PRESENTATION

AT the siege of Fort Philip, they met again.

De las Minas saw a tall figure in a black robe, holding a Crucifix on high as though it were his banner, descend the mountain slope and go out into the open under fire, as though the Austrian guns were not volleying death upon the attacking force. He saw him bend o

man after man, hurrying hither and thither, wherever the wounded lay, absolving, blessing, putting his Christ to the lips of the dying, lifting the men in his arms if they seemed to wish for speech with him. For twenty-nine days he spent himself without ever resting, bare-headed out there in the scorching sun, his feet often reddened from the ghastly pools through which they must needs tread, and once a bomb burst so close to him he disappeared in the mass of tossed-up earth, stones and smoke. The General ordered a man to keep beside the Saint and warn him to lie down each time the great guns belched in his direction. And one of the most remarkable facts in the career of Father Paul as a volunteer chaplain at the front, was that he would pass from the camps of the beleaguers, to the Austrian citadels to hear the confessions of the besieged, without causing the least suspicion either in the one or the other. It was too well known that the Saint had no interest save God and the things of God, and he

THE † SIGN

was thus suffered to pass unmolested, nay, everywhere revered and welcomed as the envoy of heaven. It does credit, too, to the fine Catholic men in command of the two armies that they should have shown this perfect confidence in the holy priest at so delicate and critical a time. De las Minas actually loved Father Paul and made no secret of his affection and esteem.

WHEN it came to the siege of Orbetello the General became completely exasperated, the town appearing impregnable and the pestilent malaria of the plain destroying his men. He determined to reduce it at all costs, and gave orders that it should be bombarded, and all the country round about laid waste. Father Paul was on the mountain when he heard that guns were being trained on Orbetello from all points. His whole soul rose up in fear and dread for his poor people of the town. He flew to headquarters and implored the General with all the persuasive eloquence at his command to spare the city.

The General was utterly disinclined to give in: the siege was costing him too dear, but he yielded at last, with a brusque "Very well, Father Paul, I will remand the order—but it's for you I do it." He never regretted it, as Father Paul—who thus saved the town and population—had said; for soon after, the garrison, reduced to extremity, capitulated, and the Spanish commander was received with so chivalrous a spirit and so much spontaneous courtesy and kindness on the part of the inhabitants that the good Marquis was surprised and delighted.

De las Minas did not forget his warm affection and regard for the solitary of Argentaro; in fact he grew deeply attached to him, and it was probably due to the Marquis, who remained for some time as Governor of Orbetello, that Father Paul was invited to give several missions to the troops there, as well as in the garrisons of the Island of Elba. Owing to his great confidence in him and reverence for him, De las Minas chose the Saint as his spiritual director, and advanced so much in piety that, in spite of many affairs and the dispatch of much important business, he began each day with prayer and a devout meditation on the sacred Passion.

THE walls of the interrupted building on Argentaro were but two yards from the soil, and war had left its inevitable sequel of poverty behind it. Orbetello, San Stefano, Portercole were exhausted and depleted. Father Paul did not know where to turn for assistance; but the reports that reached him of the generosity and munificence of the new King in Naples inspired him with the thought that perhaps the young sovereign would be moved to succor the indigence of the poor hermits of Argentaro, whose territory had been found to come within his realm. Encouraged by his friends in Orbetello, he set forth with John Baptist on the way to Naples. The King had heard of the great services Father Paul rendered the Spanish troops at the sieges of Monte Filipo and Orbetello, and when the holy hermit knelt to kiss the royal hand, and humbly explained that he had come to petition the King's gracious clemency to succor the poverty of the

brothers as they had been long erecting a small church and dwelling upon the mountain, and, for want of means, could not terminate the structure, the prince answered with great courtesy and benignity, interested, questioning, and then, with his usual promptness and liberality, turning to one of his officers, desired that one hundred pieces of gold should be given

to Father Paul out of his private purse. Thus, for once, the Saint, having met a King, was neither repulsed nor humiliated, nor contemned, but was able to return happy and praising God to his solitude, and to resume—and this time bring to completion—the sanctuary and house of Our Lady of the Presentation.

But fresh annoyances and persecutions broke forth once more, prompted—it may be—by jealousy; it became apparent that several persons in Orbetello and Portercole were extremely opposed to a permanent settlement of the solitaries upon Argentaro, and their petty warfare grew so bitter that they did not hesitate to send agents to pull down and scatter under favor of the night what the hermits and the workmen had toiled all day to construct. As the Daneos went back to S. Antonio at dark, to be ready to say Mass at dawn and then return, the building was left unprotected; but heaven intervened to defend the cradle of the Institute. One night that the nefarious visitants were at their



SPANISH FORTIFICATION AT ORBETELLO

THE † SIGN

work of destruction, a splendid angel, in military accoutrements, his great sword unsheathed, appeared upon the mount, above the lowly structure of the hermits, and his aspect was so magnificent, and so terrible that never again did the perfidious enemies venture to touch the walls of the unfinished edifice. The Daneo's recognized once more the special protection of S. Michael the Archangel.

UNFORTUNATELY, Cardinal Altieri still preserved his negative attitude in regard to the missionaries and to their works of construction, and the building was almost ready for occupancy without his consent to the same. Father Paul was tempted to despair, if such a soul as his could ever be said to despair; but the summer had come, torridly hot, and the sufferings of his companions, now eight besides himself, all cooped at night into one small room where gnats and mosquitoes joined to the heat made the hours of rest one long intense torment, agonized him beyond words.

Again and again he wrote to the Cardinal, and finally obtained his permission to the little community to occupy some of the cells in the new building, but he could not win from him consent for the dedication of the church.

Driven to extremity, he wrote at last to Monsignor Crescenzi who immediately carried the latter to Cardinal Corradini. The Cardinal was indignant at the unjust treatment meted out to Father Paul. He went directly to the Pope. Clement XII issued a brief under date of August 31, 1737, in which he gave orders to Cardinal Altieri that the church be solemnly blessed at once. The vicar-general, Moretti, performed the ceremony. Great was the joy of Father Paul when he saw the Sovereign Pontiff himself intervene in his behalf.

He and his companions were thus to enter at length into the full and peaceful possession of that plain but hallowed edifice which they have built in labor, fatigue and tribulation.

The blessing of the church and retreat took place September 14, the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross. "It was certainly by no mere chance," wrote Father Paul, "that the first thing sung in the church was: *Nos autem gloriari oportet in cruce Domini nostri Jesu Christi.*"

GOD gave the poor brothers a beautiful day, and from early morning the lagoon became alive with people crossing it in boats to the ceremony. All were delighted that after so many hopeless efforts and long years of waiting, their holy hermit should have succeeded at last. The Governor and staff officers represented the Spanish government and the garrison, and a military band contributed its lively or solemn strains to the beauty of the religious function. The æVicar General, assisted by the local clergy, blessed the new church under the title of the Presentation of Our Lady. But the sight that most touched all who were present that day was the little procession of the brothers as they issued, two and two, from the small portal of their dwelling; Father Paul came first, majestically tall, but so plunged in the sense of his unworthiness his face bent earthward, while the joy that filled his heart would have broken forth in song of praise and overwhelming tears. He carried the

Cross on high, leading his companions, and upon his head he had placed a crown of thorns for memory and in imitation of his Lord, and around his neck a cord, a symbol of penitence, as the confession that he deemed himself worthy of the halter. After him came his two brothers: the faithful John Baptist who had been with him, close as his



THE ESTUARY BELOW MONTE ARGENTARO

shadow, since the beginning, and Antonio whom they had taught together, recently ordained priest. Then Fulgenzio, one of the holiest of those pioneer men, and his saint loved exceedingly; the fifth priest was perhaps Angelo di Stefano, who left for a while owing to sickness, and then returned. Four lay brothers completed the group. The secular clergy received the brethren at the door of the church, and at the Gospel it was Father Paul who preached upon that subject which was always nearest and dearest to his heart, the Passion and sufferings of the Man-God, the desolation of the Mother of Sorrows. Even in his hour of most complete gladness, Paul Daneo never forgot that theme.

The day was one of very great importance in the annals of the institute, and it left a world of sweet remembrance in the soul of the Founder.

(To be continued)

Straight Talks on Marriage

No. 3. Divorce Advantage or Disaster?

BY ANSELM SECOR, C.P.

WHEN it comes to comparing the relative merits of past and present, the world is divided into three distinct classes. One class finds decadence in everything modern. They make constant and odious comparisons between the days that were and the days that are, and give vent to loud and frequent lamentations over the passing of all that they consider worth-while in life. To their seeming, the modern world is balancing itself precariously on the brink of destruction, and the nervous watchers are threatened with heart failure under the strain of awaiting the inevitable plunge to disaster. Or, if we may change the figure, the attitude of the alarmists towards everything modern reminds one of a precise maiden lady, accustomed to verbenas and lavender, wrinkling her delicate nose in disgust as she hurries past a glue factory.

Another class is insistently, obtrusively modern. They look with pity, not untinged with scorn, upon past ages, regarding them as the embodiment of weary plodding towards the goal to which they have now happily arrived. In their eyes, the Middle Ages were dark because there were no mazda lamps in those far off times; they were joyless because these primitive people never heard a jazz band; they were ignorant because they knew nothing of autos, airships or movies.

Midway between these two extremes is the great moderate class, which viewing events with calm sanity, avoids the exaggeration of praise and blame which is the unfailing mark of the extremist. They are not blind to evils when and where they exist; but, on the other hand, they are ready to give to achievement its full meed of cheerful recognition. They well know that the grace of God is not the property of any one time or people; they realize, too, that the three prime mischief makers, the world, the flesh and the devil, are keeping pace with us to-day, just as they did with the men and women of past centuries. And they know, also, that these three miscreants have the knack of adopting a protective coloring which blends wonderfully with the times and people they strive to molest.

Which more or less pertinent prelude brings us to the much discussed, diversely viewed, hotly debated, greatly distorted subject of Divorce. Divorce is certainly not a modern topic. It has figured extensively in the history of the past, leaving its mark on nations and peoples and exercising a powerful influence both on their moral character and on their national welfare. For this reason it cannot be viewed as something which

has had its origin and development within recent years. In some of its manifestations, however, it is extremely modern—so modern, in fact, that it fairly bristles with problems involving not merely the happiness of the individual but also the welfare of the family, the safety of future generations, the prosperity of the State and the progress of the Church.

By divorce, in the common acceptance of the word, is meant not merely legal separation, but an actual solving of the bond of wedlock, so that the wedded couple are completely freed, in the eyes of the law, from the ties that formerly bound them and are hence no longer husband and wife. The State claims the right to issue divorce decrees, on the principle that marriage being a purely civil contract, its regulation, and even its annulment comes within the province of the secular authority.

That divorce is widespread is fairly evident: that it is becoming more so is equally apparent. Statistics vary on the subject, some claiming that one marriage in nine is a failure, others that one in five ends up in the divorce courts. But one hardly needs statistics to obtain evidence of the frequency of divorce. The newspapers, neighborhood talk, contact with men and women in the course of work or society—all these tend to corroborate the claims that the Christian United States is outrivalled in this respect only by the pagan nation, Japan.

Civil authority is lavish in its delegation of power over the marriage bond, with the result that our courts are working overtime in the task of dissolving the ties that fret and chafe their discontented wearers. Harrassed judges, wearied by the constant round of matrimonial bickerings, impatiently grant a petition for divorce, almost before it is asked; lenient judges, whose chivalrous motto seems to be "Give the people what they want," hurry through a perfunctory recital of grievances, and then issue the coveted document which is supposed to erase all contracts and lift all obligations; lax judges, who seem to regard marriage in the light of a huge joke, take pride in the number of divorces they grant, and the speed with which they send the complainants on their separate ways. The result of this laxness is only too apparent. Thousands of couples, chafing under real or fancied wrongs, take advantage of the relief the law allows them, and hasten to rid themselves of a yoke which they have come to look upon as insupportable. On all sides, we are confronted by romances which bloomed gaily for

THE † SIGN

a few golden months, and then, having faded, are unceremoniously thrust aside. Or else we behold the tragic sight of wedded lives which weathered the storm of years, only to be wrecked, at last, when prosperity weakened their moral fibre and rendered them susceptible to the enervating influence of luxury and ease.

Divorce laws vary in different States but, in general, there are several standard grounds for legal annulment. Unfaithfulness, non-support, desertion, cruelty, incurable insanity, conviction for felony—these are the general headings under which most pleas are stated. Ingenious lawyer-cunning can, however, take these generalities and adapt them so that they will fit in flexibly with whatever case it is defending. This explains why one hears of pleas that mean little to the lay mind such as: incompatibility of temper, intolerable indignities, mental cruelty and the like. Only too often these phrases are merely legal mumbo-jumbo, ingeniously devised to give a respectable name to a disreputable procedure.

WHAT are we to think of Divorce? The question is easy to ask, and the answer is not hard to give, but the difficulty lies in persuading people that our answer is the correct one. Religious teaching, intimate conviction, and, most of all, personal conduct, with the wish as father to the thought, all play their part in formulating the answer.

There is a certain group, for instance, which holds that divorce is a good and praiseworthy procedure. The mere wish for it, they say, is an indication that it should be granted. Far from regarding it as a evil, they consider it as a sign of progress towards greater liberty and more perfect civilization. Opposition to divorce, they claim, is a part of the ultra-conservatism which, with its narrowness and bigotry, has interfered with the world's progress, lo, these thousands of years. The Sacramentarian idea, as they term it, is a relic of the far-off days when women were held in abject bondage, and it has no more place in modern times than the creaking ox-carts of our primitive ancestors, or the dim rush-lights that threw their feeble glow over medieval hovels. Although most of the advocates of easy divorce fight shy of the term "trial marriage," this is, in reality, what they are advocating. In point of fact, they hold that, after all, marriage is merely a social arrangement, which should last as long as the interested parties wish it to last, and no longer. Should misunderstanding arise, or should another attraction

come, the natural and legitimate thing to do is to so rearrange their lives that they may have what they want. Such an idea is, of course, founded on the assumption that the happiness of the individual is of supreme importance, and hence should have precedence over law and custom and conventionality and religion and all things else.

Modern literature, with that tinge of heterodoxy which seems so necessary for popular success, never tires of this kind of propaganda. In a certain novel, which created quite a stir in its day, but which has since been jostled aside by new claimants after popularity, the heroine of the story stipulates, that, should disagreements arise after marriage, either party is free to sue for divorce. In another more recent romance, remarriage, after legal annulment, is looked upon as the happy ending of a mismatched couple's spoiled romance.

Another view, quite popular in more moderate circles is that divorce, while worthy of condemnation both as to its frequency and as to the frivolous causes sometimes alleged for it, is at times not only permissible, but even necessary. This view finds ready acceptance among the bulk of the people, presumably because it is supposed to represent a safe middle course between the

rigidity of the Sacramentarians and the laxness of the liberals. Just where lie the boundaries between permissible and non-permissible divorce is hard to determine. Private judgement, the shibboleth of Lut & Co., seems to have full sway in this matter, as it has in so many other things. Thus we are treated to the diverting spectacle of smiles and frowns coming from the same face at the same time and towards the same object; denunciation and tolerance from the same church; one pair of hands raised in scandalized horror to the tune of "tut! tut!" another pair of hands raised in benign approval to the accompaniment of "Bless you, my children!"

IN an article entitled "What God Hath Not Joined" in the June *Atlantic*, a certain prominent clergyman advocates an idea which, although praiseworthy from the standpoint of ingenuity, furnishes a good example of the kind of reasoning commonly adopted by Protestantism in dealing with this perplexing subject. Certainly, he argues, what God hath united, no man dare put asunder. But God did not join some people together, therefore it is no harm for the courts to sunder their bonds. Who did

Veronica

BY MARY DODGE TEN EYCK

A pure intentioned soul like linen fair,
Its faithful love the texture soft and frail;
Communion sweet leaves Jesus' Visage there,
Behold again the holy woman's veil!

THE † SIGN

join them, he does not state, leaving that to our own conclusion. Nor does he tell us who is to decide this delicate question, or what rules are to be followed in making this decision. The reverend gentleman ends up by confessing that the problem is a baffling one which defies solution. And so it does—for him and for all those who, like him, are guided by private opinion and personal feeling rather than by solidly founded rules of conduct.

The Catholic Church does not recognize the right of the State to grant an absolute solving of the bond of marriage. She frowns upon divorce, considering it as wrong in principle and vastly harmful in its results. Her views on the subject are clear, positive, and, it may be added, exceedingly unpopular with the great majority of mankind.

Just why she holds so steadfastly to these views will be the subject of discussion in our next article

Practical Mysticism

BY WILLIAM MOORE

MYSTICISM is not a general topic of conversation. In our social life we talk of sport, politics, prices, religion sometimes, but seldom of mysticism. Average people confess to have vaguely heard of it; some perhaps have read a few books on the subject but have discovered that most authorities on mysticism write in a style of thought which only their fellow mystics can appreciate.

Gilbert's poet in "Patience" makes the popular appeal when he asks his audience when listening to his readings of a mystic poem "to cling passionately to each other and think of faint lilies." Only thus, it appears, can one reach the third degree of contemplation or the seventh degree of concentration. This order of thought must be puzzling to many people.

In our serious study of religion, when one comes to realize the great names which mysticism has influenced, one feels the necessity of exploring further. How profoundly mysticism has influenced our greatest Saints; how often it has changed man's character. In some ages blowing in a gentle breeze, in another sweeping along like a fierce storm.

Unfortunately in English it has always been so ambiguous a term that it seems to be one's first duty to explain as practically as possible what mysticism means. The Oxford Dictionary says: "A mystic is one who believes in spiritual apprehension of truths beyond the understanding, whence mysticism." A note adds that it is often used in a tone of contempt. When we read further that it has been the leading characteristic of the founders of Eastern Religions, of Plato, Plotinus, Spinoza, Goethe and Hegel, we think that surely the mystical "something" inspiring such men must be capable of better definition.

Evelyn Underhill is clearer: "Mysticism is the art of union with reality. The mystic is a person who has attained that union in greater or less degree; or who aims at and believes in such attainment." I read this definition to a journalist friend who at once said

"I must be a super-mystic, as I have spent half my life at assizes and inquests," claiming that these were the most realistic places he knew; union with reality was a commonplace with him.

To get anything satisfactory out of a definition of mysticism we must boldly approach it from the only point of view that matters—the religious. Dom Cuthbert Butler in his new book "Western Mysticism: Neglected Chapters in the History of Religion" has cleared away all hazy conceptions of mysticism. Popular ideas of its vagueness disappear before the simple definition of a mystic as one who contemplates.

Co-operation in the miraculous activity of God in Nature seems to be the trend of Western mysticism. Father Butler has traced the influence and mysticism of Plotinus on St. Augustine, whose teaching directed the Christian faith for centuries. He says: "Mysticism has been identified with the attitude of the religious mind that cares not for dogma or doctrine, for Church or Sacraments; it has been identified also with a certain outlook on the world—a seeing God in Nature, and recognizing that the material creation in various ways symbolizes spiritual realities." St. Augustine, who has been called the Prince of Mystics, maintained that vision can only be obtained after severe mental discipline. "Having sought to find my God in visible and corporeal things, and found Him not; having sought to find His substance in myself, and found Him not; I perceive my God to be something higher than my soul. Therefore, that I might attain unto Him, I thought on these things and poured out my soul above myself."

IN other fields of activity practical people are easily convinced by illustration. Brief examples will suffice to show clearly the close relation between art, mysticism and religions. When Browning in his poem "Hughes of Saxe-Gotha" asks the great composer Bach the meaning of his "moun-

(Continued on page 106)

Klosterdorff

JOHN AYS COUGH

FOLDED away, out of sight, in the dark green depths of the Schwarzwald is Klosterdorff. It can hardly be called a village, so few are the houses clustered round the church, but it is a parish, and the parish lies for several miles along the beautiful little river Murg. The parishoners are almost all either farmers or farm-workers. But they are also, almost all, wood carvers as well. Work on farms, in such a region as the Black Forest, can not be done all the year round; but even when the Murgthal is choked with snow, the house-bound peasants can carve, and they do. Many a schloss prides itself on its elaborate carven chimney pieces, representing historical scenes supported by heraldic boasts, dragons, lions, stags, unicorns, illustrating the arms of the owner of the castle, and these huge pieces of work have all been carved in the wooden houses of the peasants of the forest. Some of them took years to carve, and employed all the taste and inventive genius of a whole family during many a winter.

But that genius and that industry is not all employed in the making of such works for the adornment of a noble's castle. These peasant workers are all Catholics, and their favorite works are inspired by their religion. Countless are the churches and convent chapels whose special glory is the rood screen, or pulpit, the reredos of the Madonna (Gottes' Mutter) carved out of wood by these devout workers, in their remote, solitary homes hidden among the snow-laden pines of the wintry forest.

The foot traveler, walking through the world-famed Schwarzwald, is commonly apprized of his approach to a village by coming, on the roadside, upon a huge and often most elaborate Calvary, consisting not merely of a great cross, bearing the figure of Christ, but of several other figures as well, and of the Instruments of the Passion.

Our Lady is there at the foot of the Cross, and St. John beside her; St. Peter's figure may be seen standing under one of the arms of the cross, on which stands a cock crowing lustily. There is the ladder, and there is the lance, there is the reed to whose summit is attached the sponge, and there is the winding sheet, there are the scourges, and the dice with which the soldiers gambled for the seamless coat, and the money-bag in which the Betrayer received his thirty pieces of silver.

All these objects are colored, and all, large and small, are hand-carved out of wood by the peasant workers during their winter leisure, or by monkish artificers in their monasteries. Some few of these have left names famous for this art and craft, but in gen-

eral these works have been produced by the loving toil of devout craftsmen unknown to posterity, and even in their lives unknown beyond the circle of their own friends and neighbors.

Sometimes, though not usually, these great Calvaries have been *ex votos*, made and carved in fulfillment of a vow. Half a dozen generations have been born and died since the parishoners of Klosterdorff vowed their Calvary.

A TERRIBLY hot summer, stifling in the pine-choked valleys, had ended in an autumn almost as warm, if less sunny; and even winter though it brought clouds and rain brought no vital freshness of keen breeze and cleansing frost. A steamy mist rose at dawn from the river and seemed to hang, as if entangled, all day among the dripping pine-boughs. The ground was mist sodden and gave up a dank odor, and if the sun came out, a steam that smelt of decaying woodland. All summer the cattle had been sickly, and with the end of autumn came a murrain. Many of the cattle died, and their carcasses gave out a sickly odor that seemed to carry infection wherever the heavy air carried it. Nor were the human beings who tended the cattle immune. A low anguish fever broke out almost wherever a cow had died among the milkmaids and cowherds, and those who sickened of it seemed to infect others whose own work was not among the cattle.

Long before the Feast of All Saints—the pastoral festival of the great Benedictine Abbey in the Murg valley, many deaths had occurred in the Murgthal, and a brooding melancholy hung, like the dank mist, about all the homesteads and peasant cottages of the parish.

Klosterdorff was itself a dependence of the Abbey of Allerheiligen, though divided from it by a high ridge of wooded mountains and many miles of twisted pine-choked valley. The Abbot hearing of the trouble among his subjects, went down himself to visit them, and word went round that they were to meet him at the church.

The church stood in a clearing of the valley bottom, close beside the Murg; but, because perhaps of the openness of the place, there was less fog there than higher up among the trees.

The church was log-built and unimposing, but large and able to accommodate the whole of the scattered population of the parish, and all attended.

When the Abbot had arrived a funeral was in progress, the funeral of a lad just entering boyhood,

THE † SIGN

but the small group of his relatives and neighbors was soon much increased as, from far and near, the farmers and peasants assembled to meet the Abbot.

The priest himself was a monk, for Klosterdorff was a "teil" of Allerheiligen. The Abbot, when the big church was full, mounted the pulpit and addressed his children speaking very simply and with no attempt at eloquence or fine talking.

"My poor children," he said, "I am come because I have heard of your trouble, and a father can not hear the sighs of his suffering sons and not show them that he is sorry. But if your moans have reached up to Allerheiligen, I need not tell you that they have reached much higher, to my own Father and yours in heaven. Why this trouble should have come upon you I can not tell. I will not think it is for chastisement of any fault in you; nevertheless look deep into your hearts and see if there be any fault invisible to me, and, if so, cast it out. I will surmise no fault, but rather bid you comfort yourselves with the deeper remembrance of your Divine Father's love. There is in many lands a special national devotion, and in this Fatherland of ours the special devotion of the people is, as you know, to the Passion of Our Lord. That special devotion must specially remind us of the limitless love of the Sinless Sufferer, who sought suffering to heal our wounds. He only became Man that He Who, as God, could not suffer, might be capable of suffering—that from which we all fly with dread and cowardice. So that fixing our eyes on the Passion of God made Man, we can best measure the measureless love He felt for us, and now in your trouble you specially need this matchless reminder of His love, lest you should doubt and become afraid. It seems, may be, that in sorrow we should console ourselves by joyful thoughts. And it may appear strange that the comfort I offer you should be a deeper remembrance of Divine Sorrow and Pain. I do not offer it to you merely that you should say to yourselves 'His pain and grief was worse than ours. That Blameless Sufferer had more to endure than we have who are not blameless at all.' No: I ask you to bend your minds to the consideration of the Passion of Our Lord Christ for more than that—to reassure yourselves by the assurance it gives of His tenderness, His incomprehensible love for us sinners. That assurance will sustain your trust and sweeten your tears."

WHEN the people had left the church they crowded round the Abbot, and the several groups coalesced into one of which he was the centre.

"Father Abbot," said Hans Kanzler, one of the leading elders of the valley, "this idea has come to us from your words to us. There is in winter so much time to work at home; would it be well that we should

vow together to make among us all a great Calvary to set up at the entrance of our parish, with a tablet to say that we offer it in honor of the Sacred Passion, and as a reminder to each of us that if we suffer at present, Christ's love is infinite always, and His compassion never weary or worn out?"

A low and reverent murmur of agreement rose on all hands, and the Abbot cordially approved the scheme, and gave it his blessing.

The work was, under his guidance, divided and apportioned. To one group of families was given the making of the very cross; to another family the carving of the figure of Christ; to another that of Our Lady, and to another that of St. John, and so on.

And all went to their homes eager to begin and full of interest in the scheme. It provided plentiful occupation, and filled the minds of the workers as well as their hands. The general design for the whole Calvary was made by Dom Cusgan, the parish priest, who was a born artist and full of zeal for the success of the work.

Every household in the wide parish had its share of the work and every hour was absorbed in its execution. The conclusion of the evening's work, each night, was the recital by the workers of the Litany of the Passion, or the Sorrowful Mysteries of the Rosary, and in many homes during the progress of the work itself, the Sacred Passion was read aloud.

It was strange how much less they all brooded over their private trouble while devoted to this consideration of the Supreme Suffering. Those who had been trembling in dread of infection, and asking themselves, "Is my turn coming next?" forgot their personal fears in this general preoccupation with the scheme of their *ex voto*, and grew bolder, going about more cheerfully, and thinking less of the sickly season and its dangers.

Perhaps that was why there was less infection; at all events much fewer cases occurred as the days went by, and of the cases that did occur much fewer proved fatal, so that if any one fell ill, the rest of the family did not give him up as lost, but cheerfully and hopefully looked forward to his recovery.

THE work of the Calvary was pressed forward rapidly, for it was much desired that it should be completed before the Christmas season should be over, and, as the work was distributed among so many hands, it did progress rapidly.

By the Feast of the Purification it was finished, and on that festival the Abbot of Allerheiligen officially dedicated the Calvary, setting it up in its place and blessing it.

At the conclusion of the ceremony he announced to the people that for ten days there had been no fresh cases of murrain among the cattle, and no fresh

THE † SIGN

cases of fever among the people, and that those few who still were ill were progressing favorably toward recovery.

"God," he said, "we may be sure has accepted your offering and had pity on your cries of sorrow. Your gift in honor of the Dolorous Glorious Passion will long outlive yourselves and me. For ages it will stand as a monument of your faith and hope, but above all, a tribute to the Infinite Divine Love. There is worse disease than the murrain, worse sickness than

that of fever. Of that disease and sickness the only Physician is the Sufferer of the Cross. Your *ex voto* will serve to remind your children's children where to turn when tainted with that disease. Perhaps others, not of your blood, seeing this Calvary of yours may become conscious of a taint in their souls' health they had not suspected, and show it to that Suffering Divine Healer, and be saved. Let us pray for every one, who ever may pass by this place, that he or she may not pass without a message to his own heart or hers, from that lance-pierced Heart shown up there."

PRACTICAL MYSTICISM

(Continued from page 103)

tainous fugues," Bach's answer has already been given in the preface to his most famous work, although Browning did not seem to be aware of it. Bach declared that the final purpose of music was "that it minister solely to the Honor of God and the refreshment of the spirit; whereof if one take not heed, it is no proper music, but devilish din and discord." Bach's religious music is full of mysticism, besides being difficult and complex intellectually, and most subtle emotionally.

In another field, science, Lorenz Oken, quoted largely by Weismann, said that "Natural Science or Evolution was the science of everlasting transmutations of the Holy Ghost in the world." This was written in 1809, years before Darwin published the *Origin of Species* which helped to lame so many fine minds in the latter half of the last century. J. H. Fabre, the greatest naturalist of our time, was asked "did he believe in God?" "Believe," he echoed, "I see God everywhere." T. W. Webb, in the introduction to his famous book on astronomy "*Celestial Objects*" says: "Every advance in our knowledge of the natural world, will, if rightly directed by the spirit of true humility, and with a prayer for God's blessing, advance us in our knowledge of Himself."

The work of the early Irish monasteries was wholly inspired by religion. In elaborate and beautiful illuminating nothing is more wonderful than the Latin manuscript of the Four Gospels, the Book of Kells, and it is but one example of the skill and taste shown by the Irish scribes who copied the Holy Scriptures. Many artists consider the working of the exquisite enamels, the beauty of the designs, the endless intricacies with which they are decorated, entitle the craftsmen who wrought them to an unrivaled position in art. The Tara Brooch, the Ardagh Chalice and the Cross of Cong are unequalled in the whole world.

These examples prove that religion has always inspired the greatest men in the world in diverse fields,

clearly showing that revival of religious mysticism in art does not mean stagnation but a rebirth, for knowledge has never been really great unless allied with religion.

Since 1914, Ireland has passed through years full of passion and violence in almost every department of life. In all history there comes a period when a nation must shake off feverish and violent atmospheres. This can only be done by religion. The present state of Ireland resembles that of a sick man, weak with loss of blood. But there are signs of recovery, and with the recovery will come a great renaissance of its old religion, literature and art. What is needed is faith. We must remember that our ability to do anything as it should be done depends upon the strength, extent and quality of our faith and religion. We must also cultivate our imagination so that we increase our power of forming images not actually present, images of religious beauty, in a word—mysticism. We cannot live a single hour without having thoughts of varied objects, feelings or actions. We have all a mystic sense but must learn to develop it according to our religion. The mystic sense can be easily studied by comparing its workings with life's common experiences, bearing in mind that mysticism is not meant to represent these experiences, as it deals with pure feelings apart from their causes. We cannot be creators of this sense, but only agents or users of it. We receive and transmit it according to the degree in which our spiritual nature takes possession of us at the time.

After studying most books on mysticism, one often feels inclined to open Thomas A. Kempis and read a few pages to clear one's mind. If mysticism, like religion, consistently taught simply that we are a community depending for its existence on mutual help; if it ceased to encourage people, through much abstract thinking, to develop purely selfish, self-centered minds and devoted more of its teachings to the practical welfare of man, his happiness and spiritual elevation; if it allied itself more to the only Gospel that can save humanity from its present serious dangers—then its vogue would be assured everywhere.

THE SIGN POST is in a special sense our readers' very own. In it we shall answer any questions relating to Catholic belief and practice, and publish any communications of general interest to our readers. Communications should be made as brief as possible, and be signed with the writer's name.

QUESTIONS
AND
COMMUNICATIONS

THE SIGN POST

No anonymous communications will be considered. Writers' names will not be printed, unless with their consent. Don't hesitate to send in questions and comments. What interests you will likely appeal to others, and make this department more attractive. Please address: THE SIGN, WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

If a person should be so unfortunate as to commit a mortal sin would it be of any benefit to him to make a good intention in the morning and renew the same during the day?—F. J. B., Davenport, Iowa.

Most assuredly it would. As in the What Not of July, 1823, we must distinguish between an act of mortal sin and the state of mortal sin. The only thing to be done if one does commit a mortal act of rebellion against God is get out of the state of being in rebellion against Him by telling Him that we are sorry and proving it by our actions in future. Directing all our prayers and works to God by a good intention is an excellent way of showing Him that we do not want to remain at enmity to Him, that we are sorry for our acts of rebellion and that we wish to make amends. But by far the best thing to do is to get to Confession and Holy Communion as soon as possible.

I have heard that after one has reached the age of fifty, it is no longer necessary to observe the fast of Lent. Is this correct?—A. E. K., Philadelphia, Pa.

After one has reached the age of fifty-nine, one is no longer obliged to observe the Church's law of fasting. Nor is one obliged by this same law before reaching the age of twenty one.

I went to Mass on the morning of the funeral of our late President Harding. Yet I was told that the Mass was not offered up for him by the priest. Were we trying to put the wool over the eyes of our non-Catholic brethren by making believe that we were saying Mass for the President?—New York, N. Y.

President Harding never gave any evidence of any desire to belong to the public visible communion of the Catholic Church. Hence it would not be proper for the Church to offer the Mass publicly for his soul. But, no doubt, many private Masses with numberless private prayers have been offered up for Mr. Harding by priests and lay Catholics. And even the Mass referred to which was not said publicly, that is with a public intention, for Mr. Harding's soul, could nevertheless have been heard by you or anyone else for that intention. Besides, in every Mass there is a special commemoration for all the suffering souls in Purgatory, and because President Harding did not belong to the visible body of the Church upon earth, we do not at all say that he did not belong to the soul of the Church, nor that he does not now belong to her communion, whether in heaven or in purgatory. There is no 'wool pulling' in the matter. The traditional custom of the Church of not offering her public prayers for those who have died without evidencing any wish to have any part in those public rites has never been hidden, for its reasonableness and propriety are obvious.

A young man wanted to become a priest. His mother objected. The boy remained at home, but was suddenly taken ill and died. His pastor told the mother that probably this was a punishment from God. But would not such a belief make it appear that God is revengeful instead of forgiving and merciful?—Rahway, N. J.

God loves us with an infinite love. And He Himself tells us that He is jealous of us, jealous of our love. What a wonderful comforting thought! Here is a boy kept from giving himself wholly to this 'tremendous lover'. God takes the lad to Himself. The mother may look on it as punishment, but what do you suppose God and the boy think about it all? Far from this death being an act of revenge on God's part, it was indeed a most merciful act of love. Boys and girls who do not heed God's call to religion are mighty fortunate to receive another call that will take them away from a state of life altogether unsuited to them.

I am a young mother with two children. Recently I read in a Catholic magazine that the hearing of Mass is of more benefit to us than all the private good works and penances that we can perform. Am I then to understand that if I went to Mass in the morning, I would please God more than by staying at home and waiting on my husband and children?—Brooklyn, N. Y.

Positively no! Your place is at home. What the writer of the article you mention probably intended to say was that Holy Mass, looked at in itself as the repetition of the sacrifice which we can make. The Mass in itself is immeasurably more pleasing to God than anything we are able to do. But attendance at Mass is quite a different thing. That too is very good, but sometimes actions very good in themselves are not good at all for particular persons in particular circumstances. Your case is one of these exceptions. After all, the grace received from attendance at Mass is measured by the way in which we enter into the spirit of the sacrifice being enacted upon the Altar. And your way of entering into the spirit of that sacrifice is to sacrifice yourself at home to the duties God requires of you.

Why is it that Catholics generally seem to be unwilling to enter into religious arguments? I should think that the firm conviction of knowing the truth, coupled with some desire to make the truth better known would make Catholics very eager to engage in such discussions. Perhaps it is because they do not really know what they believe.—R. F. B., West New York, N. J.

The man on the street is not expected to be a skilled apologist for religion. But to a non-Catholic really desir-

THE † SIGN

cus of the truth about Catholicity any Catholic worthy of the name will at least direct him to a priest who will gladly listen to his difficulties and do his best to settle them. Then too many men are naturally averse to argument, especially on religious topics. Often, if such arguments do not lead nowhere, they lead only to a quarrel. Besides, there are any number of books and periodicals today which will furnish the inquirer after Catholic truth with any information he desires, without the danger of a quarrel and with plenty of opportunity for leisurely quiet consideration of such important matters.

Sometimes my cousin, a nun, sends me a few 'Agnus Deis'. Is there any special blessing attached to them or have they any special significance?—Jersey City.

The Agnus Dei (Lamb of God), is a small flat piece of wax impressed with the figure of a lamb, usually enclosed in a small leather cover, round or heart shaped. They are blessed exclusively by the Pope. They were in use as early as the fourth century, and are a relic of the ancient customs of keeping a fragment of the Paschal candle as a safeguard against tempest and pestilence. The Agnus Dei of course represents our Divine Lord, the Lamb of God, and as the blood of the Paschal lamb protected the Israelites from the destroying Angel, so this emblem of the Lamb of God is blessed by the Pope in a very special manner to protect him who wears it devoutly from all kinds of evil, and to provide against a sudden and unlooked for death. Also in the prayers said over it there is a very special recommendation for women expecting motherhood who wear it. So important a sacramental was

it considered in the Middle Ages that it was frequently sent by Popes as a present to kings and other distinguished personages.

How can celibate priests understand many of the situations and problems of married life and without experience in the matter, advise, command and reprimand married people in the confessional and from the pulpit?—Boston.

Personal experience of a matter is not necessary for the giving of advice about it. Otherwise few physicians would be able to give any medical advice for most kinds of illness. Before any priest can obtain permission to hear confessions, he must go through a rigorous course of moral studies, which are the summing up of centuries of direct dealing with souls in the confessional, which cover every known question of morals, and which are authorized and approved by the Church of God. Besides this natural preparation every priest is assured of the direct assistance of the Holy Ghost, for Christ in sending his priests to be judges and teachers promised to send them His Holy Spirit to be their Counsellor and Guide. The authority of the priest then in these matters comes from Him Whose ministers they are, and He and His Church see to it that they know whereof they speak. Besides, if a priest feels himself unable to settle or to judge about some particularly difficult problem, he knows enough to hand the case over to a more capable confessor. The priest in the pulpit or the confessional does not presume to tell the faithful in his own name what they must do. He speaks in the name of Christ and he has the authority of Christ behind him.

COMMUNICATIONS

ABOUT MIXED MARRIAGES

Dear Father:

Some time ago our Curate gave a very stirring sermon on mixed marriages. He showed very forcibly the sad results of such a basic disagreement between man and wife. He said that, by mixed marriages, generations of Catholics are lost to the Church; and he added that an amazing number of Catholic young women are keeping company with non-Catholic men. The sermon impressed me very much, and I decided to make a little investigation.

I made inquiries among my casual acquaintances and found to my surprise that the majority of the Catholic girls were going with non-Catholics. When I questioned them as to their preference for non-Catholic beaux they nearly all answered in substantially this fashion, "Oh, Catholic boys are so tight! We want a good time and our Catholic boy friends won't give us one. Besides there's nothing wrong with our non-Catholic friends; they are really fine young men."

Personally my experience with Catholic men has been somewhat different. If at times they are reluctant to spend money it is generally not because they are tight but because they have an eye to the future and want to save enough money to furnish a home for their future life-partner. Yet there certainly is a misunderstanding somewhere and it results in sad consequences.

Can nothing be done in this matter? If through the columns of your magazine you could help to bring our Catholic young people together and persuade the growing

generation of Catholic girls to acquire a taste for simpler pleasures in life, you would do much to prevent unhappy mixed marriages and this would in turn prove of great service to religion.

Harrisburg, Pa.

E. A. C.

A NOVEL ARGUMENT

Reverend and dear Father:

Another gladiatorial combat has just become history: "Tiger" Jack Dempsey has effectually stopped "Wild Bull" Firpo in his quest for the heavy-weight boxing title. A curious thought struck me as I read the account of this latest "classic" of commercialized sport. It was this: If boxing proves anything, it proves that the Catholic Church is right on the doctrine of original sin.

A reasoning man must conclude that a creature coming from the Hand of God would be perfect; that is, in an animal instinct would control its actions, in a man instinct would be entirely subject to reason. When however two rational creatures meet in a "ring" and maul one another with the fury of "tigers" and "wild bulls", when thousands of rational men and women yelp like hungry wolves—well, to say the least, reason doesn't exert much influence.

It seems to me that if a wrench hadn't been dropped into the human machinery sometime or other such appalling frenzy would be impossible.

Very truly yours

New York City

A. C. R.

America and the Catholic Theater

By MICHAEL LINDEN

THE open season for amateur dramatics is in full swing. Throughout the land, in hundreds of halls and theaters the torch bearers have lighted anew the fires that burn freshly as each succeeding generation sends up its new quota of young men and young women enthralled by the most popular of all indoor pastimes. Around the family supper table there is much talk couched in the familiar terms of "leading parts," "finishing my costume," and "setting up the second act." Outside of church after Sunday Mass there are frequent admonitions about rehearsals, "getting your lines," and "be on time."

All these tokens bespeak the healthy interest that Catholics and Catholic organizations take in the stagecraft of the day. From the most modest hamlet to the largest city, from so noble an institution as the Catholic University of America to the simplest group of parish players in the crudest parish hall, for the time being "the play's the thing."

And in many ways the present season promises not only to be the most interesting that the amateur drama in America has known. Evidence of this was apparent at the Institute conducted by the Drama League of America in Chicago last August, where the presence of four Catholic nuns was commented upon favorably by a past president of the League and where scores of other Catholics were among those who sought direction and inspiration.

Five Protestant ministers were among those who attended the Drama League Institute. Less than a week after its conclusion, under the auspices of the Religious Drama Committee of the Federal Council of the Church of Christ a school of drama was opened for one week at Madison, Wisconsin. The program was an elaborate one, including developmental dramatic production, selection and adaptation of Biblical material for dramatic presentation, production in church and parish house, music in the religious drama and a graded program of dramatics for the church school. It is evident from this program that the evangelical denominations are taking the drama seriously. Time was when dramatics were eschewed in many Protestant churches. Of late years they have been given decided impetus and have become an increasingly important part of Protestant church programs.

Catholics meanwhile have not been inactive. It is true that with the vast Catholic resources in the field of amateur theatricals — immeasurably larger and based on traditions much older and richer than ever the evangelical churches pretend to—there has never

been projected a marshaling of forces for serious study of the drama as that witnessed by the September school of the Federal Council. But a definite beginning has been made in the formation of the Catholic Drama Guild of America, with headquarters in Washington, D. C., and with Catholic leaders of dramatics in every part of the country enrolled under its banner.

The Drama Guild, according to its official organ, is "devoted to the upbuilding of Christian ideals in the theater." It is not to be confused with the Catholic Theater Movement, which functions to warn Christian theater-goers against salacious plays, nor with the Catholic Actors' Guild, which exists to care for the spiritual and temporal needs of professional actors and to keep them in closer touch with Holy Mother Church. The field of the Drama Guild is essentially and almost exclusively the amateur field, the "little theater" in all its manifestations, whether it be in parish hall or college auditorium or in some professional playhouse that is taken over for the time being by Catholic players who seek the stage for self-development, or in the aid of some worthy charitable cause, rather than for personal monetary gain.

BRIEFLY stated," writes the eminent Shakespearean scholar, Brother Leo, F.S.C., "the function of the Catholic Drama Guild is to draw upon the treasure house of Catholic dramatic literature and to develop and foster modern accretions to Catholic dramatic literature. It must set forth old things and new—not—Heaven defend us!—preachy plays; not plump, horrific, inartistic dramas devoid of construction and crammed with bungling, commonplace dialogue; but plays that are beautiful portraits of real Catholic life, embodiments of authentic Catholic emotion, plays whose settings furnish a gracious feast for the eye, whose actions nobly stir the soul, whose speeches live like music in an expectant ear. True excellence is rare, as Matthew Arnold once pointed out, and such plays do not grow on every bush; but they do exist, they are to be found; they can be made, they are being made; and it is the business of the Catholic Little Theater to find them and to make them, and to present them in such a way that true amateurs may enjoy them and love them."

This work described by Brother Leo has of course been going on in America, and under Catholic amateur auspices, for years. Were it not, Catholics would not to-day be able to point with pride to the splendid dramatic literature that has been builded up for example around the Passion Play, ranging from the very simple

THE † SIGN

and unpretentious productions, such as Dr. Palmieri's "On the Slopes of Calvary," which because of its ease of presentation may be entrusted to even the least experienced casts, to elaborate and colorful presentations such as "Veronica's Veil" or the "Passion Play of Santa Clara."

But as Catholic interest in the amateur drama has grown with the years there has been increasing demand for some medium which may raise the standards of production, which may supply accurate and helpful information concerning the latest devices of stagecraft and costuming and scenery, which may suggest particular plays for particular groups, which may bring together in a spirit of mutual friendliness and comradeship the thousands and thousands who are manifesting and have manifested an interest in the elevation of the Catholic theater.

NOR do the Catholics of America lack definite models on which to rebuild a theater which is now lost in crass commercialism and the jargon of the box office. Continental countries have already shown the way. Ireland, for example, in the Abbey Players, has built up a national theater which is to-day recognized as a potent force in the world of art—and that from a humble beginning in a simple parish hall in Dublin. Catholics of France, through the enduring patience and genius of a Claudel, a Gheon, a Vincent d'Indy, have succeeded in winning a place for a Christian stage in a land where the downfall of the stage was for years a bye-word. It is significant that this Christian renaissance of the French stage has been inspired by the spirit of medievalism—a reversion of spirit to those things of beauty and truth that were dominant in the great ages of faith; the opening again of the well springs which for years have remained the heritage of

such Catholic artists as the Passion Players of Oberammergau.

That careful study of the best tendencies of the Christian stage of Europe will prove highly beneficial to an American Catholic drama movement there is no doubt and it is such study that the Drama Guild is urging upon its members and the Catholic playgoing public. But particularly is it urging and endeavoring to foster such a study of the dramatic field among the young men and young women of our Catholic institu-

tions of higher learning. Already fruitful work is being done in such institutions, as witness the productions of students in Brother Leo's classes at St. Mary's College in California, at the Ford Playshop conducted by Mr. Robert I. Gannon, S.J., and in numerous other Catholic colleges and universities.

ALREADY the Guild has announced that Drama Conferences will be held in many of the large cities of the land during the month of October to foster the work upon which the organization is engaged. These conferences will have a three-objective:

1—To outline a program for the development of the Catholic stage.

2—To give impetus to local dramatic clubs and to develop initiative among those who participate in Catholic

amateur dramatics.

3—To bring to the attention of the general public, and of Catholics in particular, the importance of the drama movement under Catholic auspices.

In many ways these conferences will perform functions similar to those of the Drama League Institute or the School of the Drama organized by the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ. They will beget an organized interest in an institution that has been the precious heritage of the Catholic Church.

The Flaming Love

SISTER MARY BENVENUTA, O.P.

Reading, I walked where fallen leaves
Lay round the beech boles like a lake of flame.
Slow dripping from the boughs the red leaves came,
Ebbing like blood that slow bereaves.
Of life one crucified, hung high in shame.
Earth in her mournful motherhood,
Jewelled more richly than unfallen Spring,
Beheld the cost of that bedizening.
So, where the Blood fell, Mary stood,
More fair than Eve by that red ransoming.
Gazing, I saw that flaming floor
Set as a mirror of things wrought on high:
For over bleeding boughs hung blood-red sky,
Save where a shaft of radiance tore
The heart of one wan cloud that, cleft thereby,
Let the red light come flooding through,
Laving the sky, the hill, the trees, my book
That sang of Christ, my very soul that took
Meaning therefrom of love that grew
Half visible wherever I might look.
So, like Cecilia died the day,
Preaching in blood, a blest evangel stored
Within her bosom. Bless ye God the Lord,
Glory and glow of flame-hung spray:
Praise Him from molten sky to stained sward.

Miss Watts

EARNEST OLDMEADOW

(Copyright, 1923, by THE SIGN)

XXXVI

MY harshness last night has had a good sequel. Felix Roke and I understand one another. Just before breakfast this morning he rang up from "The Stars and Comet" and asked me to come and see me at eleven o'clock, "about Dollie." I put him off for ten minutes while I telephoned to Lady Hilda, asking if the interview might be at the Tower, in her presence, away from Dollie and Mrs. Horsley. She replied that if I would pick up Mr. Roke at his hotel and drive him down to Sillmouth she would meet us on the beach.

All the way to Sillmouth, I kept Julius Caesar busy with questions about Matthew Paris and his wall-paintings. When we ran through the double row of fishermen's cottages, Lady Hilda was nearly ready for us. She had nothing more to do beyond restoring a lost cup to one of the boys and handing some cakes and other consolations to an ailing child who had missed yesterday's party.

We all went westward, past the last cottage, and sat down on the dry sand, protected by a boat. Young Roke did not keep us waiting. He said practically these words:

"I hope your ladyship and Doctor Dacey will give me a few minutes. I've been thinking things out.

"Before inviting myself to yesterday's garden-party I ought to have told you more about myself. You have only my own word for it that I am Felix Roke. So I've written down what people call my 'references.' As I was in Asia from well before the War until well after the Armistice, I

have not been to any English public school, or to Oxford or Cambridge. But in this paper you'll find particulars of my family, with the names of my banker, my solicitor and several people who will answer for me being fairly honest and decent."

PERSONS IN THE STORY

MARTIN DACEY—A physician and surgeon, retired from practice and living in the little English town of Sillport.

MRS. HORSLEY—Martin Dacey's housekeeper.

LADY HILDA BARRYMORE-BANNINGTON—A silver-haired, handsome lady who has inherited Sillport Tower. Her whole time is given to unconventional philanthropy.

DOLLIE WATTS—An orphan girl, whose true surname and early history are unknown.

RORY—A black cat.

THE STORY

Under pressure from Lady Hilda Barrowmore-Bannington, a maiden lady who devotes her life to philanthropy, Martin Dacey, a retired physician, has adopted an orphan girl called Dollie Watts.

Nothing is known of Dollie's parentage. She recollects a tumble-down country house where she was brought up by two old care-takers and she retains memories of a little boy who used to climb over the wall and tell her stories about pirates. On his return from Ceylon this old playmate—Felix Roke—succeeds in tracking Dollie "Watts" (who is really the daughter of a dead baronet Sir Godfrey Easterwood) to Sillport, the little town where Dr. Dacey resides. He is received by Lady Hilda, to whom he discloses what he has learned about Dollie's lineage.

Felix Roke and Dollie meet again at Lady Hilda's dinner-table. From an unkempt little girl Dollie has grown up into a charming young lady, while Felix (now twenty-one years old) has become a tall, distinguished scholarly man.

I replied that we had not asked for any such credentials, but that, as he had taken the trouble to jot them down, I would keep his paper, so that we could write to him if occasion arose.

He flared up. "You've touched the spot," he said quickly. "Writing . . . that's the point. Do you mind if I write sometimes to Dollie?"

Lady Hilda and I exchanged doubtful glances. He went on:

"You have both been tremendously kind to me. Yesterday and Monday were days I shall never forget. Our wonderful dinner at the old Tower, our meal at the village inn, the paintings, the party—I should remember them all to my dying day, even if my old chum Dollie had not been in the picture. But you won't mind me saying that Dollie . . . well, Dollie is in the picture. I can understand your feeling that I have butted in and that the time has come for throwing me out again. If I were in your place I should very likely say: 'How strange! So this is the boy that Dollie told us about! We're glad to have had a look at him and to have shown him hospitality, and there's the end of it.'"

"For myself, I assure you that I don't want it to be the end," said Lady Hilda cordially.

He thanked her in a nice

THE † SIGN

little speech: but he wound up by asking again if he could correspond with Dollie.

I waited for Lady Hilda. Perhaps she also waited for me. At last she asked:

"Does Dollie want you to write?"

"Oh, I haven't asked her," he replied instantly. "But she'll think it strange and unkind if I don't."

"And if you do," inquired Lady Hilda, "what will you write about? Come, Mr. Roke, do not beat about the bush. Do you feel able to assure us that the letters, if we allows them, will not gradually warm up into love-letters? We are Dollie's guardians. The poor child has had more than her share of misery. As we have come so far, let us go further. Before you renewed acquaintance with Dollie at the Tower on Monday, were you thinking any thoughts over and above good comradeship? If not, have any such thoughts come into your head these last forty-eight hours? These are blunt questions, I know. To make it less difficult, I am going to leave you for a quarter of an hour, while I call on an old couple at that brown cottage, near the life-boat station."

Julius Caesar watched her departure with regret. It was plain that he would have felt more at ease with Lady Hilda than with myself. When we were alone he hardened into so glum a taciturnity that I had to repeat the questions. I added:

"This is no mere fussiness on our part. Although Lady Hilda has a telephone and I have a car, we are old-fashioned folk, living in an old-fashioned town. Nevertheless, we hear something of the new ways. We know that flirtations mean hardly anything and that engagements and even marriages often mean very little more. Young people seem to say: 'It's fun to be engaged and we can easily break it off' or 'It's nice to be married and we can easily get divorced'."

"I'm dead against divorce," he interrupted warmly.

My own mind has never been made up on divorce, so I led the conversation back and said: "If we agree to your corresponding with Dollie, your letters will mean far more to her than they would mean to the ordinary young girl of to-day. She has no other young friend, girl or boy. You are not the sort of person to write mere polite notes. Perhaps without knowing it, you will let yourself go. What Lady Hilda fears is that Dollie may fall in love, as they say, with her old chum. To you she might be just one congenial correspondent out of many: but to Dollie you might mean . . . well, everything."

He took up handful after handful of dry sand and let the grains run through his fingers. At last he looked straight at me and said, with many pauses:

"If I don't answer the question promptly and plainly, it isn't because I resent it or because I want to evade it. On subjects I care about, I'm always a bit tongue-tied. But this morning there's another difficulty

as well. It's this: I don't know my own mind. Even if I knew it, I should be clumsy in-expressing it; but I don't know it."

He allowed a few more millions of sand-grains to run through his fingers. Then he went on: "You may say that at least I can answer whether I came down to Sillport with any special thoughts about Dollie. If I were to say No, it would be nine-tenths true. I wanted to track down my little friend and to rescue her from being a drudge—to put her in some better position and then to fade away. But I confess, now I come to think of it—although I've hardly been conscious of it till this minute—that Dollie, or rather some girl like my old little Dollie grown up, has slipped into my mind whenever I've thought of love and marriage. Please don't misunderstand me. If I were to say that I ever deliberately thought of finding Dollie for a fiancée and a wife, it wouldn't be true."

With both hands he brushed away the heap of dry sand, as if rejecting some encroachment, and concluded impatiently: "I suppose the answer is, there's nothing in it."

Coming to grips with the most painful part of my task, I said: "Nothing in it to-day; but if letters pass to and fro there may be everything in it before we're a month older. Mr. Roke, excuse my saying I have taken a liking to you. So have we all. Without reading this paper which you have given me, I can feel that you are an honourable man from an honourable stock. Please bear with me. Suppose that you and Dollie should fall in love. From what you have said it is not impossible. Suppose, further, that, when we follow up the slight clue to her parentage, we find it leading back into the mud, into some sordid history. You know the world. Claimants to titles and estates are not always the lawfully-begotten heirs. The dark lady who took Dollie to London may have been an impostor who abandoned Dollie through sudden fear of arrest. Or Dollie—forgive me, Mr. Roke for hurting you—may have the Easterwood blood but no right to the Easterwood name. She is a child of sorrows. It may be that her birth was of the kind on which the law and public opinion have placed their ban. Although your parents are dead, no doubt you have relatives and friends. Think."

"Think what?" he demanded, sitting bold upright.

I began to explain, but he cut me short with this quick retort, not quite free from scorn: "If ever I'm anything to Dollie and she's called upon to go through a humiliation like that, then nothing on earth shall part us."

We caught sight of Lady Hilda coming back and we went to meet her. In answer to her inquiring gaze, I said:

"The position seems to be this. Mr. Roke did not come to Sillport as a suitor for Dollie. He is not her

THE † SIGN

suitor now and he does not know that he ever will be. On the other hand, he is not sure that he won't be. Although I forgot to ask him, I'm convinced that, up to now, he is as fancy free as Dollie herself."

"That means," replied Lady Hilda, "that there had better be no letters at present, beyond two friendly little notes, one from each side, after Mr. Roke has gone away."

"I don't see that. No, honestly, I can't see that," exclaimed Lord Nelson, much surprised and disappointed.

"You are keen on writing?" said Lady Hilda.

"Yes," he said.

"Well, that settles it. We forbid it," she answered, in her promptest and most decisive manner. "You can come down to Sillport for a day and a half next month. On business, of course. The wall-paintings at Burcoats. Arrive early some evening and the doctor will invite us to dinner. The next day we will have a picnic. The third day early, off you go. But no letters, except one polite note. By the way, I was figuring it out as I walked along the beach just now and I think you are barely twenty-one, Mr. Roke. I believe your twenty-first birthday is in July, the day before Dollie's eighteenth. If I'm right, you yourself must have some guardian."

He answered: "Except my half-sister and her husband, my relations are very dull and stiff. They leave me alone. Up to now I've given them no trouble. I'm free to do as I please, in all points save one. Before she died, I promised my mother I would only marry a Catholic. She has seen great unhappiness in mixed marriages and my promise comforted her."

"So you are a Roman Catholic," I put in. "Well, in view of what we've been saying, let me point out that Dollie isn't."

"Dollie is free to choose for herself, whenever such matters interest her," said Lady Hilda.

"You may call me credulous," young Roke answered, "but this is a matter I leave in the hands of Almighty God. His removing or His not removing such an obstacle would be to me a sign."

"Remember, no letters," commanded Lady Hilda again.

"I can bid Dollie good bye,?" he asked ruefully.

"Yes," she said. "The doctor will telephone from the village post-office here to tell his housekeeper and Dollie that he is bringing you home to lunch. Dollie will show you her summer-houses and pergolas. This afternoon you must go away."

When we were half way back to Sillport, on the loneliest and loveliest part of the road, where it skirts Rapplebury Park, Roke found that the lubricators were working badly and he turned us out while he put them right. The sun was so hot that Lady Hilda and I took shelter under an overhanging sycamore. I told her

what Julius Caesar had said in response to my warning that Dollie's birth might be traced back to some ignoble and unsavoury affair. She heard me, I thought, unsympathetically. But I was wrong. After turning away and looking up into the sycamore, she swung round and made me recite Roke's exact words again. She listened hungrily, greedily; and when the horn summoned us back to the car, she said to me:

"If I had had a son, how I would have loved him to be like this big boy!"

XXXVII

Only two hours ago, I finished writing my record up to this morning's car-ride from Sillmouth; and I made up my mind to lock the book away for a long time. But something perturbing has supervened. There may be nothing in it. An hour or so will decide. I have rung up my solicitor in London and I am waiting for a reply.

Our luncheon was most pleasant. Dollie made a charming hostess, dignified without being self-conscious. On the Dollie vivacity there was the curb of "Miss Watts" which always fascinates me. Roke was a bit shy and all the more attractive on that account. After lunch, I stayed indoors and wrote up this log while the young people went into the garden. Dollie insisted on wearing her old overall and straw hat. Through the open window I heard them chattering like children. About half past three "The Stars and Comet" omnibus called for him, with his luggage already on board, and he went off to catch the three-fifty-three to London.

Everything seemed to have gone well. When he was out of sight, Dollie came and thanked me prettily for receiving her old playmate so kindly. She asked leave to telephone Lady Hilda: and I heard her express her gratitude very suitably. She excused herself from going to tea at the Tower to-morrow—her regular Thursday pleasure—on the ground that the garden-work was in arrears; but I guessed that this was done out of consideration for her ladyship who has spared us an astonishing amount of time since Monday.

As our lunch was rather simple, we have dined early and lightly to-night. There was nothing of the love-lorn damsel about Dollie, and I felt exceptionally content until half past seven. Then the blow fell—if it is indeed a blow, and perhaps it isn't. Mrs. Horsley came in and said:

"Please, sir, don't tell Dollie I've told you, but I hope she's done right about her locket."

After being pressed, Mrs. Horsley explained herself. It appears that this afternoon Dollie was stooping down to show Roke our new kind of brown lettuces when her locket swung out of its hiding-place. Roke saw it and was delighted. He asked Dollie if she would let him have it for about a month for a

THE † SIGN

very special reason. He pledged his solemn word to bring it back, safe and sound. Dollie did not like parting from it, but she let the locket go. After Mr. Roke left the house, Dollie wished she had said "No." Mrs. Horsley was upset. She reminded Dollie that the locket was said to be "her luck" and that I would be vexed if I knew. To this reprimand, Dollie replied that it is nearly a year since I last mentioned the locket and that she believes I have forgotten all about it.

Now, I expect everything is all right. Roke has probably taken the locket away to have it copied in gold for Dollie's birthday, or for some future occasion. All the same, I am not perfectly easy in mind. What if this clever and winning and absolutely fearless young man was sent down here to filch the locket away? What if the locket is indeed of crucial importance to Dollie's fortunes?

Dollie will be busy all evening with her seed-cabinet, so I can send and receive telephone messages in secrecy. I have read the paper which Felix Roke gave me and have 'phoned Flint, my London solicitor, at his private house, asking him to do me the great favour of verifying some of Roke's references this very evening. Roke's own solicitors and bankers have closed their offices some hours ago, of course, so we cannot get at them till to-morrow. But I have given Flint, Roke's town address, Number Nine, Cressover Square, quite an aristocratic spot. Further, I read over to Flint the names of the people who, according to Roke, can speak for himself and his family. By great good luck, Flint knows one of them intimately—Sir Edward Whyte. Sir Edward is presiding to-night at some public function, so Flint can get a message to him and from him.

I hate even appearing to suspect the young man, but he insisted on giving us the references and I should be doing wrong not to use them.

XXXVII

Perhaps I shall have a better chance of sleep if I transfer to this book an outrageous, abominable thing. Number Nine Cressover Square, is not Felix Roke's house. It is the mansion of the Marquis of Cressover himself.

Sir Edward Whyte has never heard of anybody named Felix Roke.

XXXIX

Thursday morning, seven o'clock.

Tim Farland is to be ready with the car in fifteen minutes. I catch the 7:30.

Dollie was up early, weeding, and she has given me breakfast. I have not told her why I am going to town, and she does not suspect it is about herself or her locket. I have called my errand "a consultation" which it will be. Nor am I telling Mrs. Horsley, or

even Lady Hilda, for the present. This is a man's business.

Tim Farland knows no more than that he is to be in and about the house and garden and to admit no strangers on any pretext whatsoever. Dollie has been told that I may have to telephone from London for some reference from my papers, which she keeps, and that therefore I wish her to remain indoors or alongside the house.

That the blackguard should come here again, now that he has got the locket, is the most unlikely thing in the world; but he may have confederates, and I am taking no risks.

When I think of it, I am nauseated. That he should have sat at my table and, worse still, at Lady Hilda's! But the foulest thing of all was him pretending to be religious. A Catholic—Heaven help us. A man piously waiting for Almighty God to show him "† sign!" It is too much.

Now it's my turn. Our bright young friend is not the only man in the world who is "a bit of a detective." If it was worth his while taking all these risks to steal Dollie's locket, it will be worth mine to outwit him. His own weapons shall be turned against him, and his dirty trick shall give me the clue to Dollie's rights.

Horse-whipping is rather out of fashion, but it is one of the old customs which will bear reviving.

I ought to feel humiliated at being so easily and completely fooled. But the plausible, cherub-faced scoundrel could deceive anybody. Even Lady Hilda, who has to deal with a fresh impostor every week, was taken in worse than I was. The cunning of giving us that paper of credentials before being asked for it! It's the first time in my life that an utter rotter has ever played the confidence-trick on me.

I thank heaven that although he has got Dollie's locket, he has not got her affections. Before she begins to miss him, she shall see him in his true light.

XXXX

Here I am, this dull Friday evening, sitting in my room at the hotel with over an hour to kill before dinner. Thank goodness I brought this book with me, in order to have it as a record of Dollie's case. To write down what has happened will be next best to having a flesh-and-blood listener.

The plan of campaign with which I came primed on Thursday morning was elaborate. First: to make Flint, Horniman, Slater & Flint unearth the Easterwood litigation in nineteen-eleven, so as to get particulars of plaintiff and defendant, or appellant and respondent, with their solicitors' names. Second: to supply private detectives with a full description of Felix Roke and to picket them outside the premises of all persons who were concerned in opposing Dollie's cham-

THE † SIGN

pion "the lady in black" nine years ago. Third: to be ready with a warrant for Roke's arrest on the ground of his having obtained Dollie's property by a trick. Fourth: to enlist the help of Lord Crossover, Sir Edward Whyte and the other people whose names had been misused. Fifth: to re-open and pursue vigorously, regardless of expense, Dollie's claim to the Easterwood name. All this, of course, subject to such revisions as lawyers might make in a layman's plans.

On leaving the station, on the way to Lincoln Inn Fields, it occurred to me that Crossover Square lay barely a quarter of a mile off the direct route. Last Wednesday night the telephone was working badly between London and Sillport—so badly that there was a risk of Flint having mistaken my "Number Nine" for "Number Five." It seemed just worth while calling at Number Nine to make assurance double sure.

The taxi-driver set me down at Number Nine, by far the biggest house in Crossover Square, at the corner of Dunbury Place. I told him to wait, as I expected to finish my business in one minute.

A footman opened the door. He was not of the vacuous type so common before the war, but a wide-awake, keen-eyed young man. Fully expecting to be told that no such person was known at Number Nine I asked for Mr. Felix Roke.

At the sound of my voice the butler—an impressive butler of the old school—appeared and swept me from head to toe with an experienced glance. Something gave him confidence and he said:

"Mr. Roke is expected back, sir, any minute. Will you wait?"

He made way for me to enter. Too much astounded to make any changes in my strategy, I walked

Having been shown into a small library, I was asked my name; and the door was shut upon me before I remembered that my bag and papers were in the taxi outside.

I was puzzling what to do when the butler reappeared with the surprising words: "Mr. Roke is not back from church, sir, but her ladyship wishes to have the pleasure of seeing you."

A lift flicked me up to the second floor and I found myself in a place much less like a room than a summer-house. It ran the whole depth of the mansion. One window was level with the top of the plane-trees in Crossover Square and the other looked eastward into a sunny garden. Instead of screens and hangings the room was furnished with giant azaleas and rambler roses and orange-trees growing from oblong pots or boxes of brownish clay filled with earth and moss. On tables and in the fire-place and in the corners stood bowls of fresh-culled roses and bases holding great branches cut from chestnut trees and masses of lilac, hawthorn and laburnum.

Out of the flowers and greenery, a pretty little

lady in a black dress with a white front darted at me like a swallow and sang:

"How splendid! This is the Doctor Dacey who has been so kind to my brother Felix. He'll be here directly."

Her small hand grasped mine cordially: but I was still in an agony of suspense about my papers and about the fast-deepening mystery; so I did not find one word to say. I admit I was terribly afraid that I had jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire. Perceiving my confusion, she added quickly:

"Perhaps Felix didn't tell you. I am his half-sister—Lady Crossover. It is such a coincidence about Lady Hilda Barrowmore-Barrington. When I was a little girl, I saw her twice—once at Mallowdale Castle, and once in your own town of Sillport, at the Tower. I loved her and I'm dying to meet her again."

I managed to say, stiffly:

"Mr. Roke took away a locket."

"Yes," she cried. "Isn't it wonderful. Oh, I forgot, you don't know yet. But he'll tell you himself. Here he is."

Like a gust of warm wind, Roke broke through the greenery. He rushed at me and, instead of quailing like a thief brought to bay, he crushed my hand in his own and roared:

"Hooray!"

The sight and sound and touch of him put my fears to flight, but my amazement held me fast in awkward silence. I stood there irresponsive to Roke and to the Marchioness of Crossover alike.

"Something's up? Something's wrong?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes," the lady added. "I have been tactless. It is plain that Dr. Dacey has some bad news."

Although I know now that all doubt was dead and that my whole-hearted faith in Felix Roke was come to life again, I didn't know it at the moment. Keeping a cold tone and an aloof manner, said:

"Mr. Roke, you insisted on giving me a paper filled with the names of bankers and lawyers and well-known people who would be—so you said—your sponsors. When I found you had carried off my adopted daughter's locket—the locket she calls her 'luck,' the locket which is her only link with the past—I was troubled. You ought never to have done such a thing without my consent."

"You're right, you're right," he confessed eagerly. "I see it now. But I'd no idea that you attached importance to that old steel locket. Besides—"

"Never mind the 'besides,' Mr. Roke," I went on. "When I heard the locket had been taken, I felt bound to unhook the telephone and to make a trunk call to my solicitor, here in London. It was half past seven—too late for him to verify your solicitors and bankers, but he got into touch with the first gentleman named

THE † SIGN

on this paper as a private reference. That gentleman replied that he has never even heard your name."

"Let me see," he demanded hotly. "The first name—why, it's Sir Edward Whyte. Look, Monica, look. Teddie Whyte. My godfather. My trustee. The man we dined with last week. And he's never heard my name."

"It occurs to me," said the Marchioness, suddenly becoming haughty, "that what he has seen this morning of your position in this house might suffice for Doctor Dacey. If it does not—"

"Oh, hang that, Monnik!" he cried. "Last night when some silly ass said Sir Edward didn't know me, Doctor Dacey had no idea I was your half-brother and that I was living here. He's done quite right to dash after me and to challenge my good faith. He's Dollie's guardian and he's done his duty. But . . . who the deuce was the idiot who said Sir Edward Whyte didn't know me?"

I answered at once: "It was my old friend Mr. Flint, senior partner in Flint, Horniman, Slater & Flint, one of the oldest and most careful firms of solicitors in all London."

"Do you mind if I ring Mr. Flint up?" asked Felix instantly. "What's his number?"

He pushed aside the largest branch of a palm standing near the wall and revealed a telephone. Taking the instrument out of his hand, I gave the number and was soon talking to Flint himself. Flint's news both delighted and humiliated me. Without breaking the connection, I turned to Roke and said:

"My solicitor tells me that he has already rung up your solicitor and banker. They have nothing but good to say of you."

"How nice of them," he retorted ironically. "Now perhaps you'll let me ask this solicitor of yours about Sir Edward Whyte:"

He took the receiver from my hand and spoke: "My name is Roke, Felix Roke. You astonish me by what you have said about Sir Edward Whyte."

Vague sounds, like the buzzing of an imprisoned fly, resounded from within the instrument. Suddenly Felix laughed heartily, said "Thank you very much, I quite understand, don't worry" and hung up the receiver.

"Your Mr. Flint," he chuckled, "made a little mistake. Instead of Sir Edward Whyte, my baronet, he rang up last night Sir Edward Wright, one of these new knights who gets his name in the newspapers every morning. Everything's explained. Monica, stop scowling. By the way, doctor, that must have been your taxi outside the house. If you have no urgent business, let me tell them to bring up your traps and send it away. Monnick I'm sure you're going to ask Dr. Dacey to lunch."

My relief was beyond utterance. Indeed, I stood

so stupidly speechless and motionless that the Marchioness would have been justified in losing all patience with me. But she and her brother seemed to understand. Bells were sounded, orders were given, and within two minutes I found myself sitting on a huge grass-green divan between my host and hostess. A green trellis supported a luxuriance of leafage and roses behind our heads, while a rug, the color of fallen beech-leaves, lay at our feet.

"The locket, the locket," sang the Marchioness.

"Look," said Felix. He drew from a leather case four ovals, three of steel and one of crystal. "Last night," he added, "I took it to pieces. Years ago, I suspected there was some secret joint or spring. See. Behind the plaited hair, there was a false back. Read the inscription."

Boldly engrossed in the back of the locket were these words:

Godfrey Easterwood
Born: London, England
1875

Dorothea Mary Hunt
Born: Nantes, France
1879

Married: St. Malo, Canada
June 1st, 1901

"If I hadn't found out this," said Felix Roke. "I should have started to-night to St. Malo, in Brittany. You remember my telling you what I heard at Salt-ferry—that Sir Godfrey Easterwood lived some time at St. Malo? Evidently there's a St. Malo in Canada as well. I should sail to-morrow but the boat is full. The earliest passage I can get is in July."

Never in my life have I been so wretchedly tongue-tied as I was in that boudoir of Lady Cressover. Why she didn't give me up as a hopeless country booby I can't explain. Somehow I gave satisfaction.

After luncheon, in a dining-room so vast that it seemed to cover more ground than the whole house as seen from Cressover Square, we went into the garden for coffee. And there, on a lawn like velvet, with a gorgeous little rainbow hovering in the fine spray of an Italian fountain, my tongue was loosed. I took from my pocket-book four photographs of Dollie—Dollie in her sprigged green voile, with nasturtium flowers in her hair, Dollie in her old blue overall and garden hat, Dollie with the cat Rory on her shoulder, Dollie in the new evening dress she wore on the night when Roke dined with us at the Tower.

The Marchioness said that Dollie was charming. As for Felix he compared the portraits for quite a long time. When I wanted to replace them in my pocket-book he said boldly:

"Let us go halves."

And, before I could protest, he appropriated two—Dollie in her old overall and Dollie in her new dress.

(To be continued)

Reasonableness of Faith

REGINALD LUMMER, C. P.

"Without faith it is impossible to please God." (Heb. 11:6)

THE great Apostle to the Gentiles tells us that without faith it is impossible to please God. We may add that without faith it is impossible to please men and live among them.

Almost every action of our life is influenced by faith, human or divine. Without faith in the word of our parents we would not know whom to call father or mother, we would not know the day we were born, nor the name that was given us. By faith in them we first learned what was food or poison, what was good or bad. Without faith in the knowledge and skill of doctors, we would not have preserved our life by taking their medicine and submitting to their operations. Without faith in the science and veracity of our teachers and professors, we would gain little knowledge and make little progress in our intellectual life. Many things, that we now understand, were first taken on faith, and held on faith, until we came to the full use of reason. Without faith in the talent, experience, and art of instructors, we would gain little success in any trade, art, or profession. Without faith in the justice and honesty of our fellowmen, we cannot carry on trade and business, we cannot buy and sell on credit, we cannot bank or invest our money, we cannot maintain a commercial life. Without faith in the virtue of our friends and acquaintances, we cannot enjoy friendship, we cannot maintain the social life of society. Without faith in the good intentions of lovers, husbands, and wives, there would be no confidence in courtship and marriage, there would be no pleasure in the home and family life. Without faith in the patriotism and integrity of politicians, statesmen, and rulers, there would be no security and strength in our national life. Then man, who says that he does not take anything on faith, that he will not believe what he does not understand, is contradicting his words by his works every hour of the day. Even the greatest scientists and professors are continually making acts of faith in each other. The greatest scientists have seldom mastered more than one science. Few scientists have thoroughly mastered even one science. Science is continually making progress by new discoveries. In every science there is still much to be discovered. The less learned scientist is learning by faith in the more learned. The professors of one science are taking on faith the teachings of professors in other sciences. The geologist takes on faith the teachings of the chemist, the biologist, the physiologist, the psychologist and the astronomer. They in their turn take on faith his teachings and the teachings of each

other. They have not the time nor the means to investigate and prove for themselves the teachings of more than one or two of the sciences.

In the words of Tryon Edwards: "All science rests on a basis of faith, for it assumes the permanence and uniformity of natural laws,—a thing that can never be demonstrated." Sir Bertram Windle, famous for his science, says: "Before beginning her work Science must make her act of faith. She must recite her credo as to the reality of the things with which she has to do; in the reality of the external world, and not less in the uniformity of its processes." (*Church and Science* page 8). He also quotes Du Bois Raymond, another famous scientist, who said that, the nature of matter and force, the origin of motion, the origin of life, the designed order of nature, the origin of sensation and consciousness, the origin of rational thought and speech, and free will were all enigmas or mysteries that scientists had not solved and probably would never solve. These are no mysteries to a man with faith in the word of God. The scientist who despises faith is despising what he uses every day. Much of his own knowledge was gained by faith, first by faith in the teachings of his father and mother at home, then by faith in the teachings of his masters at school and college, later by faith in the teachings of professors at the university, and now that he is a professor himself he expects his own children, his pupils, his disciples, and even his fellow professors to believe him in many things they cannot prove or fully understand themselves. "We are all disciples of someone, and many of us accept the declarations of the 'Popes' of Science" quite as submissively as Catholics receive an *ex cathedra* utterance of the Holy See. Those scientific Popes, however, are not infallible, and they confess themselves unable to explain the whence, why and wherefore of the marvelous phenomena which they record. Hence in the last analysis, it is as true of Science as of Religion that 'we walk by faith, and not by sight'." (J. L. Stoddard)

The greatest scientists have always been the first to admit the limitations of human reason and knowledge, and have said that all we know is very little when compared to the unknown. It is only an ignorant man that does not recognize and admit his ignorance. Socrates, one of the wisest of ancient philosophers, said: "'Knowledge of our own ignorance is the first step towards true knowledge.'" Solomon, who is called the wisest of men, said: "The corruptible body is a load upon the soul, and the earthly habitation

THE † SIGN

presseth down the mind that museth upon many things. Hardly do we guess aright the things that are upon the earth, and with labour do we find the things that are before us. But the things that are in heaven who shall search out?" (Wis. 9, 15). Plato, the most divine among pagan philosophers, said: "The learning and knowledge that we have, is, at the most, but little compared with that of which we are ignorant." Newton, one of the very greatest among great scientists, compared his vast knowledge to a little shell thrown upon the limitless ocean of truth. He said: "I know the laws of attraction, but, if you ask me what attraction is, I cannot tell you." Professor Huxley said: "The known is finite, the unknown is infinite. Intellectually we stand on an islet in the midst of an illimitable ocean of inexplicability. Our business in every generation is to reclaim a little more land, to add something to the extent and solidity of our possessions." Darwin in a letter to Lord Farrar wrote: "The more one thinks, the more one feels the hopeless immensity of man's ignorance." Lovelace said: "What we know here is very little, but what we are ignorant of is immense." Voltaire said: "The more we have read, the more we have learned, and the more we have meditated, the better conditioned we are to affirm that we know nothing." The Earl of Stirling wrote:

"Yet all that I have learned (huge toils now past)

By long experience in famous schools,

Is but to know my ignorance at last,

Who think themselves most wise are greatest fools."

Pope, poet and philosopher wrote:

Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?

"Tis but to know how little can be known."

Hundreds of languages and dialects are spoken by men, and few of us can speak two or three of them. Many trades, arts, and sciences are taught, and few men can thoroughly master even one.

"One science only will one genius fit,—

So vast is art,—so narrow human wit,"—Pope.

The earth has a thickness measured by thousands of miles, and only here and there has one mile of its crust been pierced. Its highest peak has not yet been reached. Its vast oceans teem with many forms of vegetable and animal life that are unknown to us. There are vast worlds in the heavens above with myriads of stars, of which we do not know even the number, name, and immensity. There is a mystery for the greatest scientist in every blade of grass, in every drop of water, and grain of sand. Lord Salisbury in an address to the British Association said: "What the atom of each element is; whether it is a movement, or a thing, or a vortex, or a point having inertia; whether there is any limit to its divisibility, and, if so, how that limit is imposed; whether the long list of elements is final, or whether any of them have any common origin—all these questions remain sur-

rounded by a darkness as profound as ever." Newton discovered the great law of gravitation, but neither he nor any scientist has been able to tell us its nature. Sir John Herschel called it the "mystery of mysteries," and Faraday thought it was a paradox. Jules Simon declared that: "In science as often as we make one step forward, we find an abyss; it is only weak minds that believe they can explain all and understand all." All truths, even those we call evident, have a dark as well as a bright side to human reason. "Man sees the whole of nothing," (Montaigne.)

Much has been quoted and said here about the weakness of man's mind, the limitations of human reason, and our ignorance of many things; because they prove the necessity not only of human, but also of divine faith. The known is finite, the unknown is infinite. We live in a little finite world lightened by human knowledge, surrounded on every side by an infinite world, of darkest mystery to us, but of glorious knowledge to God. Out of that infinite world of supernatural mystery God has spoken to us by His inspired prophets, messengers and writers, and has sent His only begotten Son, Christ, to reveal some of its secrets, to enlighten our minds, to save our souls, and to guide our feet until the hand of death opens the great door between the known and the unknown, and reveals to us the glorious vision of His infinite knowledge. "God, Who, at sundry times and in divers manners, spoke in times past to the fathers by the prophets, last of all, in these days hath spoken to us by His Son." (Heb. 1, 1)

Christ has come to teach, to guide, to rule and to save us. He has given us a religion, which includes supernatural mysteries, that we cannot fully understand, that we have to take by faith in His word. He commands us to believe those mysteries, and He condemns those who refuse to believe them. He demands faith, but He does not expect us to believe without reason for our faith in Him. God has given us reason, and He does not ask us to believe blindly without reason.

It is always reasonable to believe those, who manifest knowledge and truthfulness. Christ has manifested a supernatural power, knowledge, and truthfulness. Therefore it is most reasonable to believe His teachings. We believe in parents and friends, we believe in teachers and professors, we believe in physicians and surgeons, we believe in statesmen and rulers, we believe in scientists and philosophers, so long as they manifest much knowledge, and truthfulness. We believe in Christ and His teachers for the same reasons, and He does not ask us to do so without those reasons. He says to all what He said to the incredulous Jews. "If I do not the works of the Father believe me not. But if I do, though you will not believe me, believe the works." (Jn. 10, 37). "If I had not done among them the works that no other man

THE † SIGN

hath done, they would have no sin." (Jn. 15, 24). By miracles that could be wrought only by God, by doing what only God can do, by foretelling and fulfilling what only God could foretell and fulfill, Christ has appealed to reason, has given it the most convincing proofs that He is God, and has made it most reasonable for us to believe in Him and the mysteries He reveals. Newton, held in highest honor by all scientists, said: "No science is better attested than the religion of the Bible." Napoleon said: "Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, and myself have founded great empires. But our empires were founded by force. Jesus alone founded His empire on love, and to this day millions would die for Him. I think I understand something of human nature, and I tell you all these were men and I am a man. Jesus Christ was more than a man—Jesus Christ is God." He also said to some of his friends and admirers that, just as his genius and greatness were known by the greatness of his achievements, so the supernatural greatness and divinity of Christ were known by His miraculous works.

Christ has proved that He is God by fulfilling what was foretold and foretelling what was fulfilled, by giving us a supernatural religion that far surpasses the sublimest teachings of the greatest philosophers, by manifesting a character so perfect and practicing virtues so heroic that they have surpassed even the imaginations of men, by rising in glory from the dead as He had foretold, and by establishing a Church, which neither time nor persecution can destroy.

We believe the mysteries of religion which Christ has taught us; because He has proved that He is God, and God is Infinite Truth. We believe in the Unity and Trinity of God, in the immortality of the soul, in the eternal rewards of heaven, and in the everlasting punishments of hell; because Christ taught those truths. We honor the Blessed Virgin Mary; because He honored her by choosing her for His mother, and endowing her with the highest perfections. We believe that He is present in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, and in the sacrament of the Holy Eucharist; because He said: "This is my body." "This is my blood." "Do this for a commemoration of me." We believe that He has given to His priests the power to forgive sins; because He said: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins you shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained." (Jn. 20, 23). We believe that His Church with its head the Pope is infallible in teaching faith and morals, because He said: "Teach ye all nations. . . Behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." (Matt. 28.20). We believe in obedience to His Church and priests; because He said: "He that heareth you heareth me; and he that despiseth you, despiseth me." (Luke 10.16). We believe that the Catholic Church is the Church of Christ; because its head the Pope, as Bishop of Rome, is the successor to St. Peter to whom Christ said: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it, and I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. 16.18).

The Unchanging Sacrifice

HERE is something of a rebuke to the restlessness and feverishness of human energy in the thought of the unchanging Eucharistic Sacrifice. Controversies have waged without; schools have wrangled; the Church herself has been obliged to lift a warning voice through her Pontiffs and Councils; but meanwhile, within the holy place where the Elements are daily offered, the ancient rite goes on. Prayers and hymns of praise have been added, and ceremonies have grown, gathering a deeper significance as the centuries move on, but in substance the Mass that we Catholics glory in is the same to-day that it was on the night wherein Our Lord first offered it. A thoughtful writer of our own generation, not a son of the household, but a critical antiquarian approaching the strange phenomenon from without, confesses that the Mass is said to-day in the Roman Church substantially as it was said in secret in the days of Marcus Aurelius.

He might have added, too, that many portions of our liturgy are more venerable than parts of the New Testament itself. How the thought of that soothes and sustains one amid the foolish speculations of a shallow world always in love with the new thing, always disdainfully neglectful of the old! It is the sectaries who have changed, not we. *This is the peace that Jehova has granted to His Church; she has waited upon Him, and He has heard the prayer of His own people, Israel.*...Every age has borne witness to the Blessed Sacrament; and it is owing doubtless to the efficacy of that Clean Oblation, offered unremittingly with each cycle of the sun, that so many of the prophets have been found faithful, that so many witnesses, saints and pontiffs and theologians, have arisen at sundry times to reassure us that Christ is truly with us, that *His flesh is meat indeed, and His blood drink indeed.*—Introibo by Clifford.

Persecution--Then and Now

BY HAMILTON CRAIGIE

EVEN in this more-or-less "enlightened" age in which we live bigotry and persecution are active and will continue to be active against the very name Catholic and that for which it stands.

To the average Catholic layman, however, while he may be quite familiar with the various forms under which ignorance and intolerance masquerades as "criticism" of the Church and what it signifies, it may be of more than passing interest to reflect upon the conditions under which the Catholics of a past era lived and suffered.

From the sanguinary laws of Elizabeth, the "Virgin Queen," down to the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829, in England, for instance, Catholics were deprived not only of freedom of worship, but of their civil rights as well; their estates, property, and sometimes even their lives were at the mercy of any informer.

We who live to-day in a comparative freedom of religious thought and action despite the activities of a certain venomous section of the Press and Pulpit, will scarcely realize, if we are not familiar with the matter, the coldly brutal enactments which, in those days, were taken as a matter of course. For example, under Elizabeth the climax of this ruler's persecution was reached in 1585 by the "Act against Jesuits, Seminary priests, and other such like disobedient persons." Under this statute over 150 Catholics died on the scaffold, and later, following the accession of James I to power, exceedingly stringent and oppressive measures were added to the statute book.

"An act to prevent and avoid dangers which may grow by Popish Recusants" was passed shortly after the carefully arranged "discovery" of the Gunpowder Plot in 1605, which Tierney, the historian says "exceeded in cruelty all that had hitherto been devised for the oppression of devoted Catholics."

Among other heartless enactments, even among a people whose culture could give to the world the tremendous genius of a Shakespeare and the transcendent talent of a Milton, this Act ordered that husbands and wives, married otherwise than by a Protestant minister in a Protestant church, were each deprived of all interest in the lands or property of the other. A fine of £10—at that time considerably more than the parity of approximately \$50.00 to-day—was the penalty for omitting to have each of their children baptized by the Protestant minister within a month of birth.

Catholics could not even leave the country without a special license from King or Privy Council; their

houses were liable to be searched at any time, and their property seized, but they were debarred from maintaining any personal action or suit in the civil courts.

IT seems, to-day, despite the misrepresentations of things Catholic even in our national Press, to say nothing of the violently bitter antagonism which has frequently taken the form of a malicious vituperation in certain journals whose avowed business it is to foment hatred of the Church—it would seem difficult to believe that in 1699 an "Act for further preventing the growth of Popery" offered £100 for the apprehension of any priest or the conviction of any Catholic sending children to be educated abroad. The penal statutes enacted by the Scottish parliament in 1560 made it an offence punishable by death for Catholics to say or hear Mass after the second warning. And a commission issued in July, 1629 ordered that, should persecuted Catholics take refuge in fortified places, the commissioners should "follow, hunt, and pursue them with fire and sword."

Further, in 1700 an Act of this same Scottish Parliament disabled Catholics from inheriting property or educating their children. Furthermore, a fine of five hundred merks was put on upon Catholics convicted of teaching "any art, science, or exercise of any sort."

In Ireland, however, the penal laws were not the outcome of religious motive alone. These often sprang from a desire to possess the lands of the Irish, from impatience at their prolonged resistance, and from the contempt of a ruling for a subject race. It is not strange, therefore, to find such biting fetters forged as drew from Burke the following outburst:

"As well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment, and degradation of a feeble people and the debasement in them of human nature itself as ever succeeded from the perverted ingenuity of man."

THE entire story of Irish Catholic thralldom is found in the fully authenticated series of the truly diabolical laws enacted during a period of nearly 300 years. Doubtless, at this time, the least said about them, the better—at any rate, the passage of the years obliges us to throw a veil over the hideous horror of their effects to pass to a consideration of the Penal Laws in the English Colonies of America. With reference to this comparatively recent persecution, it may be of interest to note that in 1691 religious franchise was broadened to such an extent in Massachu-

THE † SIGN

setts that it was decreed that "forever hereafter there shall be liberty of conscience allowed in the worship of God to all Christians (except Papists)."

And indeed the universal "except Papists," somewhat in line with the pronouncement of a certain organization of recent growth, was, during the early Colonial period, of rather frequent occurrence.

In conclusion, no other Church but the one true Church of Christ could have withstood the bigotry and intolerance which found a physical expression in the incessant bitter persecutions directed against Her since the beginning of time. We are more than ever convinced that She is indeed the Rock of Ages, and the immortal heritage of Christ's suffering when we read the history of Her existence through centuries of violence and oppression.

These persecutions, undergone by the Church in first millennium of her existence, were, however, merely the forerunners of those of Her second millennium. Alexander II of Russia (1855-81) especially showed himself a violent persecutor of the Catholics, the barbarities that were committed in 1863 being so savage as to call forth a joint protest from the Governments of France, Austria, and Great Britain.

THE spirit of the Reformation, for example, was felt even in our own day, appearing in the Philadelphia disturbances of 1834 and 1844.

The history of the 19th century reveals a constant opposition to the Church. Her influence has been straitened; the monastic orders have been expelled and their property confiscated, and, what is perhaps more characteristic of modern persecution, religion has been excluded from the schools and universities.

The history of the Catholic Church is the history of her martyrs and of her missionaries, of her saints and professors in general of every race and age. Beginning from the time of the Persian Sapor II, in 310-80, among the Goths and the Lombards, among the Vandals, in Arabia, and under the Mohammedans and Iconoclasts, in the Coptic persecutions, and under those of Servus, Decius, Valerian, Diocletian and others, the Church has suffered and will continue to suffer. Yet there remain the words of Him who gave her life, like the shadow of a great rock in a barren land:

"Thou art Peter, and upon this Rock have I built my Church, and the Gates of Hell shall not prevail against It!"

The Mother of Sorrows

TO proclaim allegiance to Christ and at the same time fail to foster a filial love for His Holy Mother is to belie oneself in a gross and grievous fashion. The sweet and sacred Names of Jesus and Mary—Mother and Son—are so intimately bound up in one another, that even an attempt to separate them is a crime well-nigh impossible. We can hardly mention Our Savior without turning our thoughts towards His Blessed Mother; and we are thankful that it is so. In both the gladdest and saddest scenes of His life on earth, His Mother was there to share His joys and sorrows—Bethlehem, Egypt, Nazareth, Galilee, Jerusalem, Calvary.

But it is in sorrow rather than in joy that the Mother of Jesus wins to herself the sympathy and love of the human heart. Full many a breast contains a cold and callous heart; yet few there are who, having learned the oft-repeated yet ever welcome lesson of Mary's Dolors, can resist being touched with tender emotions.

Mater Dolorosa is a title of Our Blessed Lady familiar to us all, and one upon which we love to linger. No term, whether of reverence or endearment, is more appropriate. She was the Mother of Sorrows as soon as she was the Mother of God. Her holy, sinless life was one prolonged sorrow, and the pangs that tore and bled her virginal heart were there to counter-

act the sweet joys of motherhood at Bethlehem and Nazareth just as when, in their overwhelming intensity, they made her the Queen of Martyrs on Calvary's darkened slopes. By God's gracious dispensation she was gifted with a clear prevision of the future, so that while the blissful happiness of the early days at Nazareth shed its light around her, even then the heavy clouds of the Passion and its horrors were flinging their shadows over her young life. Yes, sorrow after sorrow was hers—the prophetic words of Simeon which pierced her very soul; the terrors of Egypt, needy and homeless in a foreign and inhospitable land; the awful anxiety of the three days' loss with its fears and lonely desolation; the unspeakable anguish of the meeting with Jesus on His journey to death; the agonizing vigil at the foot of the Cross; the last tender words of filial love, the bitter end; the fond but heart-rending duty of tending the dead, disfigured Body; the burial with all that it meant—loss and loneliness for many long and dreary years.

With thoughts like these before us, can we keep Jesus and lose Mary? Could He love those who love not His Blessed Mother? Could He condemn them who honor her whom He so loved and revered? We can find the answers to these questions in our hearts: but in finding them we must learn the lessons that they teach us. In a word, we must be fond and faithful children of the Virgin-Mother of God.

THE APPEAL OF

JESUS CRUCIFIED

The articles in this section while intended primarily for members of the Archconfraternity of the Passion, will be helpful to all. They will serve as a guide to lead us to the Cross, there to learn the measure of



Christ's love for us, and to gather strength against our own sinfulness. We ask all our readers to join the Archconfraternity. Its obligations are few and easy. Address THE SIGN for application blanks and leaflets.

FIRST WORD OF JESUS ON THE CROSS

Jesus Prays for His enemies

"Father forgive them for they know not what they do."—Luke 23:34

'Twas about noon on that dreadful Good Friday when Jesus reached the summit of Calvary. The whole city had followed Him and press forward to witness the cruel execution. His clothes are torn off, the wounds thereby being reopened and exposed to the sharp cold air. The executioners, after offering Him wine mixed with myrrh and gall, roughly lay hold of Him, throw Him down and stretch Him upon the Cross and draw out His hands and feet to the holes prepared in the Cross to receive the nails. Every vein, every muscle, every joint of His arms and legs is rent and stretched. Then the rough nail is placed upon His hands and feet, and, by the heavy blow of the hammer, is driven through the veins, through the joints of the bones, through the hands and feet into the Cross, and Jesus is fastened. They take the Cross, raise it in the air and with

FIRST PART OF MEDITATION

(Considerations and Affections directed to Jesus)

CONSIDER THE MERCY OF JESUS TO HIS ENEMIES. The Jewish race was God's chosen people. To them the promises were made and the proph-

ets were sent. Jesus was one of them—He was a Jew—and He loved them with a love of predilection. From first to last—from Bethlehem to Calvary He gave them continued proof of this love. He lived and labored for them, "He went about doing good." His miracles were wrought, with few exceptions, in behalf of them, and to them exclusively did He preach. "I was not sent," He said, "but to the sheep that are lost of the house of Israel." (Matt. xv.) Yet from the outstart this people ignored Him, and, as time went on, kept up a bitter persecution against Him. "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." In the end they publicly disowned and rejected Him, delivered Him over to Pontius Pilate, and had Him condemned to an ignominious death. "Away with Him, crucify Him," they cried, "His blood be upon us and upon our children. Now at the foot of the Cross they spit at Him and trample on His blood and challenge Him to come down from His Cross. Ah great God of

a sudden shock, let it fall into the hole prepared to receive it. There Jesus hangs, the crown of thorns upon His head, His body torn and bruised, the blood streaming to the ground from His open wounds. There He hangs for three hours between heaven and earth, the whole weight of His body resting upon those three nails without other support.

As Jesus hung suspended upon that Cross His enemies—the Scribes and Pharisees and High Priests and the whole people stood by and gazed at Him with malignant delight. They passed before Him in triumph, wagging their proud heads and crying out, "Vah, Thou that destroyest the temple of God and in three days dost rebuild it, save Thyself. Come down from the Cross and we will believe in Thee."

Then Jesus raising His eyes to heaven prayed, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do."

majesty and justice, send down Thy lightning and strike them dead. Let the earth open and swallow them alive,—mean, base, heartless people!

But no,—no—Jesus "came not to destroy, but to save souls." "Father" He prays, "forgive them for they know not what they do." Father do not strike, but be patient, bear with them, convert them, save them, for, though they are guilty, there are extenuating circumstances to their crime. They do not know that I am the Messiah the Saviour; and though their ignorance is culpable, and they are responsible for their rejection of Me, yet they are poor frail creatures and have been blinded and deceived by Satan. "Father forgive them for they know not what they do."

Now picture this scene as actually taking place before your eyes. Follow the crowd to Calvary; stand at the foot of the Cross; look about you and behold the excited, blood-thirsty mob; hear their blasphemies and mockery; then raise your eyes to Jesus and behold His thorn-crowned head, His pierced hands and feet, His bleeding mangled body and listen to His prayer, "Father forgive them for they know not what they do." Then pour out your heart to Him as you feel moved:—My



THE † SIGN

Jesus, my Jesus, I pity Thee and take Thy part. I believe in Thee and confess that Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God. Easily couldst Thou have saved Thyself and have come down from Thy Cross, but for my sake didst Thou remain there and die in agony. I am astounded at Thy mercy to Thy enemies and praise Thy infinite goodness. (*Continue in such acts as long as you feel devotion.*)

SECOND PART OF MEDITATION

(Considerations and Affections directed to our own Spiritual Improvement)

1. CONSIDER THE MYSTICAL MEANING OF THIS PRAYER OF JESUS FOR HIS ENEMIES:

The enemies for whom Jesus on the Cross prayed to His Father, were not merely the Jewish people and their wicked leaders, but all the degenerate children of Adam. Through Satan's malice, the whole human family had apostatized from God and rejected His love and friendship. For four thousand years, men had defied and mocked their Creator straying ever farther and farther away from Him and sinking deeper and deeper into religious ignorance and moral degradation. There on that dreary Good Friday as Jesus hangs upon the Cross, all the generations of Adam from the beginning to the end of time, pass in mocking procession before His eyes, wagging their heads and insulting Him. Idolaters, infidels, atheists, blasphemers and perjurers, anarchists and rebels, murderers, adulterers, thieves and drunkards pass and repass before His Cross defying Him and crying out "Away with Him, we will not serve and obey Him, we will not have Him reign over us. Vah, Thou that claimest to be the Son of God, save Thyself and come down from the Cross." Oh God! why not open the flood gates and once more swallow up the whole race! Why not send Thy thunderbolts and strike them all dead! Why not rend the earth asunder and bury them alive into Hell! Ah no! this would be playing into Satan's hands and giving him just what he sought from the beginning—the eternal ruin of mankind. "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do." Forgive every man, woman and child that has ever lived and ever will live upon earth, for they are all poor, weak, foolish, ignorant creatures, blinded and deceived by Satan.

2. Consider the practical lesson taught by Jesus in this prayer for His enemies, for in every part of His Passion Christ stands before us as a model teaching us some special virtue. "Christ suffered for us leaving you an example that you should follow in His footsteps." I. Peter II. Jesus praying for His enemies enforces by His own example that greatest and most difficult of all His Commandments—the commandment of brotherly love. "This is my commandment that you love one another, as I have loved you." John XV. And this command extends even to our enemies. "You

have heard that it hath been said: Thou shalt love thy neighbor and hate thy enemy, but I say to you, love your enemies, do good to them that hate you and pray for them that persecute and calumniate you, that you may be the children of your Father who is in heaven, who maketh His sun to rise upon the good and bad, and raineth upon the just and the unjust." Matt. V. Love for our enemies then, is not a matter of mere counsel, but of stricter precept. We are obliged under pain of grievous sin to love every one of our enemies, no matter how base and treacherous they are, no matter how unkind and unjust their conduct towards us. We cannot help feeling hurt at the insult or injury and we may demand reparation and apology, but we must love the offender and before God forgive him. We must do him no evil but pray for his temporal and eternal welfare. We must do all this for the sake of Christ, who commands it and who Himself loves us in spite of our wickedness, and who so repeatedly forgives us our numerous offenses against Him.

Ah Jesus I turn to Thee in shame and sorrow of heart as I hear Thee from Thy Cross, praying for Thy enemies. I was present to Thy mind at that moment. I too passed before Thy Cross on that eventful Good Friday, and by my sins mocked and insulted Thee whilst Thou through Thy infinite goodness didst plead with Thy Father for my forgiveness, offering Him excuse for my many offenses. Yet alas! how loath I have been to excuse offenses, to overlook injuries, to forgive enemies. I now repent and with all my heart forgive as I hope to be forgiven by Thee. (*Continue in such acts as long as you experience devotion.*)

FRUIT OF MEDITATION: To excuse and overlook offenses, and forgive my enemies.

EJACULATION: Lord Jesus, forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.

Heaven and Hell

FRANCIS THOMPSON

'Tis said there were no thought of hell,
Save hell were taught; that there should be
A heaven for all's self-credible.
Not so the thing appears to me.
'Tis heaven that lies beyond our sights,
And hell too possible that proves;
For all can feel the God that smites,
But ah, how few the God that loves!

WITH THE JUNIOR



READERS OF THE SIGN

The Record

VAUGHN DEVLIN

With clasped hands and reverent pose
And fervent mind on the words he told
One prayed and shunned all worldly thoughts,
While the Recording Angel wrote in gold.

Another prayed with good intent,
Anon from God his thoughts would sink
To selfish things and feebly rise—
The faithful Angel wrote in ink.

Another in the Presence kneels
Quite slovenly and unafraid,
All heedless of his words' import—
In water now the record's made.

On Being Poor

OCCASIONALLY you get a glance of the lives of rich children and you may be inclined to envy them the kind of luxuries and pleasures which only great wealth can obtain. You may consider them very fortunate and you may complain of the luck that placed you in circumstances where you have to wait long and work hard for the good things of life. Now, if you could look into the hearts of those poor little rich children you would be surprised to find that they are not living in a fairyland at all. And if you learned the whole truth you would find that greater dangers confront them and that you have much better chances for success and happiness than they. To confirm all this listen to what a writer in the *Evening Mail* learned from an Italian father on the East Side who after years of hard labor had acquired the means of providing abundantly for his family:

The boys worry me. Sometimes I say my mea culpas when praying for them. No, they are not bad boys, yet; nor can I say they are good boys. I have tried all my life to protect them from the temptations I had to fight. I had fewer temptations than they have, less money, more

work and counted it a hard time. They have too much money, too much time to waste, too little work. I have protected them from temptations, and now they are almost grown and I cannot tell what they will do. I am scared and worried for fear I have weakened them so that when they meet a real temptation they will fall.

We complained and thought our life was hard during our earlier years in the United States, but it seemed to me that hard work and long hours are the surest means to prevent crime and make good citizens. I'd have gone to hell in five years but for the fact that I was too poor, too hard worked and too tired when work was over to indulge myself. It is that which frightens me about our boys.

Temptation

SOME folks complain because God leaves temptation in their way. They do not reflect upon how the first man was deceived by continuing deliberately to look at the apple and saying to himself that it was indeed fair to the eye and sweet to taste. While God has left us with evil appetites He has also given us powers to control those appetites and He expects each of us to act manfully and to gain the mastery.

A story is told of a man who once asked an eastern king if he could tell him how to avoid temptation.

The king told the man to take a vessel brimful of oil and to carry it through the streets of the city without losing a drop.

"If one drop is spilled," said the king, "your head shall be cut off." And he ordered two executioners with drawn swords to walk behind the man and carry out his orders.

There happened to be a fair going on in the town and the streets were crowded with people.

However, the man was very careful and he returned to the king without having spilled one drop of the oil. The king asked:

"Did you see anyone while you were walking through the streets?"

"No, sir," said the man. "I was thinking only of the oil. I noticed nothing else."

THE † SIGN

"Then," said the king, "you notice how to avoid temptation. Fix your mind as firmly on God as you fixed it on the vessel of oil. You will not then be tempted to sin."

The Sorrow That Counts

WHAT is an ancient yarn about the old woman who, on being provoked by another, is said to have replied: "G'wan, ye know that I'll not answer ye; for I've been to confession, and I'm in the state of grace. But wait till I get out of it!"

The simplest Catholic child will know that there was something wrong with her purpose of amendment. There is no true sorrow for sin without an unconditional resolution to avoid that sin. In Confession the priest's words of pardon are uttered in vain and we depart with the guilt of sin still on our souls if we have not a firm purpose of amendment in regard to that sin. The reason is clear. Would a companion trust you if, after you had offended him, you uttered some usual apology but still gave reason for him to suspect that you would repeat the offence at the first opportunity? Perhaps God likewise has reason to distrust us as He stands by and listens to us reciting our act of contrition to His minister in Confession. For, how often have we returned accusing ourselves of the same fault—disobedience, lying, quarreling, etc.—with so little shame or concern that we had previously pretended to be fully sorry for these faults?

The Image on the Coin

SO many German marks of the paper variety can now be bought for a dollar that the mark can scarcely said to have any more value as money. Ordinarily paper money is as good as gold because it amounts to a promise to pay out of the resources of a great government. The German mark is now something like a check written on a bank by a man who has no funds in that bank.

When a Christian falls into mortal sin all his actions lose their meritorious value. While he is in the state of grace God recognizes his prayers, works and sufferings for their incalculable value in the specie of Heaven—all, of course, in virtue of the Passion and Death of the Saviour. That soul can draw on the heavenly treasures at will. Its signature is good for whatever it demands. It enjoys the rights of a citizen of the Kingdom and of a member of God's own household. But through one mortal sin spiritual bankruptcy ensues. All merits are lost and all claims on what the Passion had wrought for that soul become utterly invalid.

Living on A Bubble

THIS generation already thought it had witnessed the greatest disasters in all history. But now these seem to be far surpassed by the loss of life and property attending the recent earthquake in Japan.

We are reminded of the statement of a serious scientist that we are all living on a soap-bubble. Comparatively speaking only a very thin crust of this earth is cool and hard while molten matter rages within at a furious heat. The terrible disaster in Japan represented only a tiny disturbance of those pent-up forces.

It has not been revealed to us in detail what will be the process of the upheaval that will precede the appearance in the heavens of the Sign of the Son of Man. God could reduce this world to a cinder simply by stopping it immediately in its swift flight through space.

Many live their selfish lives unconscious of danger and heedless of the benevolent Power that keeps disaster from overwhelming them on every side and at every moment.

FROM A VERY LITTLE BUT VERY GOOD GIRL
My Dear Sirs:

I am a little girl who is very fell off toward the little children in China and I wish I could do something to help them if you would be so kind to send one of those mite boxes I would get the money and then bring it over to you as my aunt who lives at Wood Cliff near there I am sending a quarter if it is any more please tell me when you send the bank and I will be glad to do it trusting to you to sending the bank. I am,

Miss M. G. C

I am still looking over the photographs sent in. The prize winners will be announced next month.

The distribution of prizes for composition work will now be resumed. With the increase in the circulation of The Sign I expect the competitions will be keener and livelier and that my labor will be increased trying to discover fairly whose work is the best.

Those who are particularly interested in the education of our Catholic children have gathered statistics in order to find out how the children were using their time out of school hours. This is an important subject and of special interest at the opening of the school term. I should like to hear our Juniors concerning it—those of the eighth grade or under. Instead of asking you to write on how you really use your free time the prize will go to the best essay on

HOW I SHOULD USE MY FREE TIME
limited to 350 words and to be sent before Nov. 1st to

DADDY SENN FU

THE SIGN, West Hoboken, N. J.



A Dying Boy

SHENCHOWFU keeps Father Dominic busy. The labors of his mission seldom allow him much pleasure. From his recent letter we learn that even when he has some spare time, he continues to think of saving souls and doing the work of God.

"One Sunday evening recently," he writes, "Father Leopold, my companion, suggested that we take the mules and go out into the country for a short ride. I assented gladly, for it had been an arduous day and stifling hot.



FR. DOMINIC

There is so much to be accomplished, that it is only once or twice a month an opportunity is offered to refresh our minds and rest our bodies with something like recreation.

"It must have been Our Divine Savior Himself, however, Who inspired us to go forth that evening. Little we priests knew of the heavenly messenger guiding us. We left the mission, with a crowd of the children talking and laughing and running along with us in great glee.

"After a short ride across the country, we started to return home. On coming to a bridge, some of the boys ran up to us with the news they had found a little boy dying. We quickly dismounted and followed the boys to the place. There on a hard bed of stones we saw a little lad of three or four years, clad in ragged garments.

and in a dying condition. His poor mother, a wanderer like her child, bent over him and wept and was doing all she could to comfort him.

"I immediately baptized the boy. His weeping mother did not understand what I was doing. She thought I was administering medicine to him, but neither medicine nor physician could have restored the child to health. He was now beyond medical aid. With the holy sacrament of Baptism, he received eternal life.

We lingered there for a while. As much as we could, we comforted the little sufferer and his sorrowful mother. The boys from the mission, who had accompanied us, stood around gazing intently now at the dying child and his mother and again at Father Leopold and myself.

As evening shadows were deepening, Father Leopold and I concluded we had better hurry home before it got very dark. So with a blessing and a comforting word, we left the scene asking God and His holy angels to take our places.

On the journey home, I thought of the boys and girls in America with good fathers and mothers to give them a comfortable home and take care of them in sickness and in health, and to make known to them the true faith, and the love of Jesus and Mary. How I wished that it were possible to send each of them a picture of that dying boy! Certainly it would help the Americans to become more zealous missionaries for the conversion of the Chinese people. Little missionaries in America are indeed doing great things, but greater things would be done by them if they saw and knew these Chinese like I do.

All the way home, and in my last visit that day to the Most Holy Sacrament, I prayed fervently for that mother and her boy. By this time I thought, he must be before God's Throne. As his mother's little angel, he will surely obtain for her the gift of faith and bring her into the true Church, to our mission at Shenchowfu.

I remembered the crowded streets of the town, and wondered why it was that God directed us away from the noisy city into the country, that out of so many souls he had guided us to these two poor beggars, that we should be directed to them by the children of the mission, that Divine Mercy should come to such a little boy and make him safe and happy for eternity. Before my eyes closed in sleep that Sunday evening, I believed and knew it was due to the prayers of children in America. At least, it must be the help that brings us so near to Chinese people, whom God loves.

And I think of the people, the children, in America, that are so good to us, that when the last moments come to them, God will repay them most generously for what they are now doing for China. Perhaps they will not remember it at that time, but Our Divine Savior will remind them and say what you did for My Brethren in China, you did for Me. Come now, and see what I will do for you.

Always yours gratefully,

DOMINIC, C.P.

We are anxious to send fourteen Christmas boxes to China, one for each of our Missionaries. The time is short. Will you please let us have your donation as soon as possible?

THE † SIGN

Some New Year's Customs

SINCE my last letter to THE SIGN, we celebrated the most glorious feast of the Chinese Calendar, "New Years." Last year we celebrated this feast in Hankow, but you must come up into the interior of China to see what a Chinese New Year really is.



FATHER RAPHAEL

The New Year Festival is begun at noon of the vigil. In the ancestral homes of the wealthy, in the humble straw thatched huts of

the poor, and in the house boats and junks the homes of the river people, the New Year eve feast was served.

On the ancestral shrines, red worship candles flickered and pungent incense curled its way upward. In the court yards and streets, firecrackers kept up a constant din. While in the dining rooms all the special dishes typical of the New Year season were served as a feature of the elaborate feast menu. New Year cake, hard boiled eggs with tea leaves and tea served with two green olives are to China's New Year what roast turkey, pumpkin pie and plum pudding are to Thanksgiving or Christmas.

During the night many Chinese who follow closely the old customs, took a short walk in the direction indicated on the Chinese calendar for "good luck." At midnight the temples in and about the city were crowded with Chinese who were saying good-bye to the old year and welcoming in the new. In the homes of the average family the New Year was spent as follows:

On New Year's morning the servants came to pay their respects to their Masters. That morning all the Christians came in to greet us to get our blessing and receive some little token. Many of our people coming in to visit us brought us some small gifts. These presents were chiefly in the way of food. Some brought eggs, sugar, fruit, vegetables and rice, others brought in pork, and a few, chicken. Every day of the Chinese New Year (for you must remember that this festival is

celebrated for about a month in the interior) some delegation or other from our thirteen mission stations came in to greet their "Sen-fu" each bringing with them their little gifts of Chinese delicacies. The visits of our people from the outlying districts were utilized for the benefit of their souls. All approached the Sacraments before returning home.

The New Year season is a time of universal brotherhood, and every one must be careful not to speak sharply not even to a servant or beggar. The master should request his servant to perform a duty rather than order him. If he forgot this custom and is unkind or rude the servant has the right to retaliate. So far is this custom carried out that no one will be arrested during this time, with the result that all the robbers and brigands come into the city to meet their friends and to gamble, smoke opium, etc. I might here remark that gambling is carried on publicly in the streets during New Years. While all the fruit venders and other kind of peddlers were off the

street, yet there was a gambling table at about every ten feet in the center of this large city.

On New Years day there is another custom that the Pagan Chinese still observe. The ancestral scrolls for several generations are hung on the walls and ancestral worship is performed. Special dishes with food for their ancestors are placed on tables in front of these scrolls, and then candles and incense are burned before them. After this custom comes another somewhat similar to our way of celebrating Christmas. The younger members of the family come to greet their elders and friends and receive gifts. Every child receives gifts of money, toys and candy, as well as gayly colored red and blue silk garments.

I will now bring this letter to a close by asking the prayers of our kind friends THE SIGN Readers, and by thanking them for the generous whole-hearted support they are giving our Chinese Mission.

Sincerely yours in the Heart of Jesus.
FR. RAPHAEL, C.P.



DINNER HOUR FOR GIRLS AT SCHENCHOWFU

THE † SIGN

Forging Ahead

FATHER KEVIN sends us from Yuanchow a very encouraging and inspiring word picture of his mission. We see a zealous missionary bravely facing continuous and monotonous labors, and accepting for his trouble the smiles of little children and



FR. KEVIN

the occasional kindness shown by the older people. Full of hope for the future, he is gradually winning their affection and in good time will claim them and give them the true faith and the knowledge of the love of God. According to this priest, if it seems so hard to convert these people now and make good fervent Christians of them, there are days of consolation coming and at least some faint rays of the future that this mission will become one of the best in China.

"Living with the Chinese, as I am now," he writes, I find them a very agreeable people. They are less to be feared than some of other races. In Chinese nature, there is always something good and attractive. Frequently they show it by thoughtfulness and kindness. While I am doing everything possible to help them, they are appreciative and quick to do favors for me.

I like the children here. Though they are as mischievous and playful as anywhere else, still their innocent faces and the good they can do always appeal to me. They like me too, but here is the reason. Whenever I make my appearance, they gather round me like flies around a barrel of honey. "Sen Fu! Sen Fu!" they cry out, "Candy! Candy!" I don't think youngsters in America have a greater love for sweet things than these lads. I tell them I have no candy. But they never believe it. "Sen Fu! Yes! Candy!"

One of the little girls over here I have nicknamed "My Sun Flower." She deserves special mention because she is a rare gem. As happy as the day is long, she always greets you with a smile. And a good little mother she is to the other youngsters. She can

take care of them and lead them around and keep them away from trouble and harm. You might call her ways old fashioned, but she is indeed a flower worth having in this garden of Yuanchow. Her laugh is cheery to its last ring, and acts as a tonic to me.

One of her companions was sick recently, and she undertook to feed the sick child. It was quite amusing to watch the performance. In her left hand she held the bowl of rice, and kept the chop sticks in her right hand. Hardly had the sick child time to swallow a mouthful, when another portion was waiting at her lips. A bowl of rice sufficient to keep me for four meals, this maid dispensed to her baby charge in one meal. Rice is the only thing practically they get to eat here; and to see the speed in which they put away three good sized bowls of it, you would think it was the only thing worth eating.

At the mission here, the majority of the children have lost their parents by death, or were abandoned during the famine by parents who could not feed them, and others again are the offspring of unnatural parents who cast them out on the road to perish and were finally rescued by the Fathers.

Children, especially girls, are in many instances badly treated here in China. Any display of affection for children is rarely seen. The treatment is sometimes cruel. One little girl some time ago chanced to break a dish at home. Her mother nearly killed her. She lashed the poor youngster, and with a piece of the broken crockery actually scratched the poor child's body. In

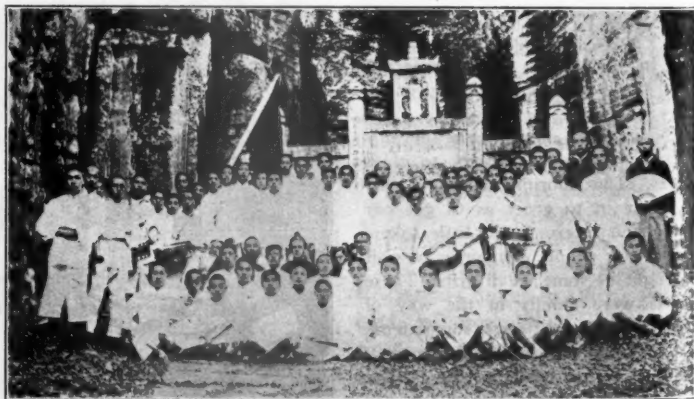
fact, the mother was so enraged that she might have killed the child had not another rescued the youngster and showed a little more heart than its cruel mother.

With such a scene before my mind, you can understand how deeply I appreciated a letter from dear old U.S.A. This friend asked me to do a favor for her. Can you imagine what it was? It seems she attended a lecture given by a missionary who had returned from China, and he described the cruel treatment of children. So this friend wrote to me

"Father, do me this favor. At least save one smile for some little girl. A smile creates friendship; and I am sure you are willing to create friendship with the people you are laboring to save."

This was a beautiful thought to me. I have learned by experience the magic power of a smile, especially among children. The kindly smile of the missionary wins their hearts. If they only knew how much I feel encouraged and the great happiness they give me when I see their smiling faces and know they are becoming more and more devoted to me. How can I give way to "the blues" or feel disheartened, when there are so many little faces around here, that seem to reflect the light and glory of heaven!

Boys in China stand a much better chance than girls. Though they too get whipped sometimes, still they don't have near as hard a time as their sisters. We see them spinning tops, flying kites, playing ball, or enjoying some other games, you would conclude



FATHER RAPHAEL WITH A CLASS OF STUDENTS

THE † SIGN

they were always having a fine time. One day on looking out of the window, I was attracted by a peculiar looking bird. What was it but a kite, made in the shape of a big long dragon. Boys here have as many as four kites flying from one string. After they start a top spinning, they keep it going for a long time with a whip. The ball games are not like ours, but simply bouncing a rubber ball up and down, and every other bounce they whirl around and catch it. They display wonderful agility. They have a game also like checkers, but use stones and move them in squares marked out on the ground.

The piety of the Christians is very striking. From the time they become catechumens, they are taught to recite their prayers aloud in the church. When I hear these people saying their prayers, I often think of the Religious at home chanting the Divine Office. It is evident their heart goes into their prayers. When asking thanksgiving after Mass recently, one of the women in church drew my attention to a child about to faint. The heat and the exhaustion of kneeling upright was too much for the youngster. We hope soon, when our chapel is finished, to have regular pews for our Christians, like you have at home.

Just as they pray out loud in church, so in school the boys and girls study out loud. I wish you could hear the effect. How they ever manage to learn anything is a mystery. But they have tenacious memories, and ask many questions. My experience is not very much, as I have not yet come to that stage when I can understand all their questions.

I am now in full charge of the temporal affairs of the mission, and this work takes up a good part of my time. It was my intention to study at least five hours every day, but it is hard for me to get in even two hours. However, I'll have to do some "plugging" to make my "debut" on the feast of All Saints—my first sermon in Chinese.

I have had some experience too in giving out medicines, pills and powders, ointments and tonics, besides dressing wounds and sores. There's enough work here in the medical line to keep a doctor or a nurse going all day long. So far, I haven't killed anybody, so

possibly I may get a diploma some day.

This is the work of God. With the assurance of your good prayers, I am going to fight to the finish. It is dark at times, but it has many consolations.

Yours devotedly,

KEVIN, C.P.

A Christmas Box for the Missionaries in China. Send what you can to the Passionist Chinese Bureau, St. Michael's Monastery, West Hoboken, N. J. We must get fourteen boxes ready and shipped from New York at the latest October 20th so it will be in Shenchowfu for December 25th. Give the Missionaries a surprise and a very happy Christmas. At least help to pay the freight and express.



HELPING THE CAUSE

This is the time of the year that our dear Little Missionaries begin to wonder who invented arithmetic. I didn't. Don't blame me! Anyhow, try to be real brave. Put on a smiling face and trudge back to school just as if you were going to a party. Be sure to watch out for your old friend Bobby Mite Box on teacher's desk and start the year right by feeding the poor little fellow at least a penny. And remember the motto of Mary Sunshine, "A little more is always better than a little less", and also this other saying of hers, "I know our mite is not much for a large place like China, but every little bit helps."

"THESE SMART GIRLS!"

A boy of one of our Circles writes: "Father, what do you think! This morning some of these smart girls around here came up to school and took the papers that Sister had saved to the junk man. They got 41 cents for them. You may be sure they preached it all over. I wish you would tell Sister this is the boys' work." Good for these "smart girls"! We are anxious to enroll more of these in our army of Little Passionist Missionaries.

WHAT'S IN A NAME

Some time ago I wrote Alvera Brightness and asked her to name Baby Mite Box. She wrote back, "Let's call him Bobby," so hence forth and forever Bobby is his name. A little lad in Alvera's Circle writes, "Alvera says she likes Bobby Mite Box but I like Jacky better. But we don't care what you call him for he eats just as many pennies no matter what his name is." Just the same we should like to remind this little lad that Bobby digests nickles and dimes much better than he does pennies!

A RACE!

Recently I wrote to a West Virginia Circle in praise of my "Kentucky Wonders". The president of this Circle wrote back: "Father, I suppose you do not know that since ever so long ago there have been mountain feuds between the Kentuckians and the West Virginians. Now do not imagine that we are going to sally forth and attack Alvera and her little friends with bow and arrow. But we intend to conquer the worthy maiden in taking care of Bobby Mite Box." I wrote to the little Kentuckians about this holy feud and one of the boys wrote back: "We will run a race with your West Virginia Circle and we will win, too, if Kelly has anything to say about it!" Which Circle do I think will win? Really, I dare not say. Both are so very, very good that it is hard to see how one can be one bit better than the other. Just the same I should like to remind both, and all my other little Missionaries besides, that there is as much difference between saying a thing and doing it as there is between the North Pole and a tooth-pick. Just

THE † SIGN

Chinese Babies

HERE is a message from Chenki. Father Paul is evidently at home in that place. From his letter we can see how deeply interested he is in the welfare and success of that mission.

"The crops are good this year," he says, "and the warm weather now setting in will assure us of a splendid harvest. Every time I think of the crops of rice, my thoughts go to the harvest of souls. They are in truth awaiting laborers. My heartfelt thanks are daily offered to God that five more missionaries will soon be with us, 'for the laborers are few, and the harvest is great.'"

"We receive many little orphans here. We have no place to put them. They are now in the hands of nurses. Every five days these women show up for their wages and for money to buy food for the babies.

I am building a nice home for the orphans, and hope some day to have all of them together. This will be a hard task. All the poor will bring their children to us. But I am encouraged by the words of Our Blessed Savior 'Bring the little children unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' With your help and that of our American friends, I am confident of success. God will certainly inspire generous people to build church, orphanage, school, convent, and rectory, and make Chenki a real centre of Catholic faith and an abundant source of rich divine blessings for these poor people.

It is American money that will build this home for the children, and care for them, and provide teachers to instruct and train them in the practice of the true religion. At present it takes three and four dollars a month to support a child, so my expenses are very heavy. God has provided all of it, and I feel confident will continue to take care of us.

I love to watch the children here. Like boys and girls everywhere, they

do love play and sport and lots of fun. Their games are much like those we enjoyed ourselves in America. Boys are typical monkeys, ever imitating their fathers and big brothers. They build little houses, make toy boats and run races with them wherever the water runs. Even mud pies are made, and if not sold, are used for throwing at someone or something. Flying kites, spinning tops, hide and seek, and numerous other games keep them going from morning until night. Most of the girls in place of dolls have to carry strapped to their backs their baby brothers and sisters. They are all happy, but how much greater would be their joy and happiness if all of them knew Mary's Son, the Boy of Nazareth.



A FUTURE MISSIONARY

The children of Chenki and then the grown people too will know and love the Divine Savior as soon as we have our school. It is very hard now to teach them and persuade them to listen, but when trained from earliest years they will learn the truths of our holy faith and become zealous missionaries themselves.

Sometimes it is very discouraging. Chenki seems to be the most neglected part of our whole territory. It has four stations or out missions that are visited occasionally. At present there are about three hundred Christians here, and formerly they say eight hundred were attending the mission. It

was so hard to get means to support the mission. It was also impossible for the few priests to reach all the Christians in the district assigned to them. Thank God, times are changing. With the aid of our friends in America and with God's help, we hope the day will come quickly when eight thousand and more devout Catholics will claim this mission as their true home and way to heaven.

May God bless you and reward you for all you are doing for us.

Ever yours,
PAUL, C.P.

More Missionaries

Friends of the Passionist Mission in China will be glad to learn that the latest band of Missionaries have arrived safe. They were fortunate in escaping the terrible Japanese disaster.

From the brief notes which have come to us we can see the same ardent desire to work enthusiastically for the conversion of the pagans which was so clearly evident in these noble apostles while preparing for their arduous mission.

They promise to send as soon as possible an account of their journey to China with special emphasis on any event which may have a special interest for the readers of The Sign.

At the present time we have in St. Paul's Monastery, Pittsburgh, Pa., a class of coming Missionaries to China. There are eight in the class. They will be ordained to the holy priesthood towards the end of this year. In a very short time they will be on their way to the foreign missions.

These young Passionists are taking a special course to fit themselves the better for their sublime ministry.

The Fathers of the Western Province of Passionists have been most ardent supporters of our foreign mission apostolate ever since its inception. They have given it their most hearty support in every way possible. It is their intention to send some of their younger priests to join their religious brethren in China.

We have every reason to believe that our mission work abroad will be eminently successful in view of the wonderfully splendid young men who are to carry it on.

THE † SIGN

(Continued from Page 129)

now I notice the postscript on a letter from the West Virginia Circle, "Things do look a bit doubtful, but 'every cloud has a silver lining' and we will win!"

THE BOYS OF CIRCLE 12

A little girl of Circle 12 wrote me, asking that I visit her Circle and give the boys a shaking up, for they were getting lazy, and didn't care a shoe string about Bobby Mite Box. I wrote her and told her to bring some ice to school and to rub it on the heads of the boys to start their brains working.

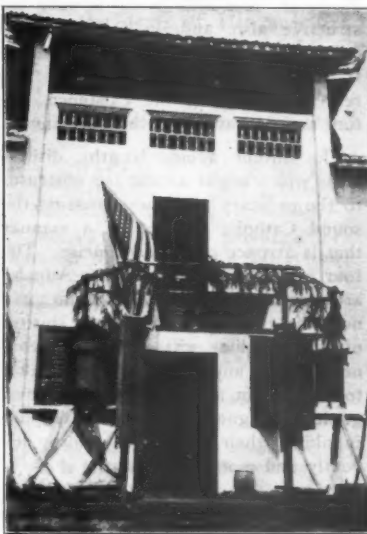
Very soon I received the following letter from one of the boys of this Circle: "Father, if you knew the girls would not believe everything that they tell you about the boys. The fact is we would have to bring the ice for them to use. Why, we are good Missionaries. I am sending you a dollar that I saved all myself. Not one penny is from any girl in school. I admit that we boys are lazy with our books. I have a corner where I stand most every day and study my lesson. But you were a little boy once and you know how hard it is for us to study. Soon we will be big men and then we will go to China as real Missionaries." Let us hope that you will! In the meantime, take good care of Bobby Mite Box and show the girls that you are wide awake and do not need a shaking up. Of course I know the boys and study-books agree about as well as ice water and steam heat.

AN IDEAL LITTLE MISSIONARY

A little girl read in The Sign that a Chinese baby could be ransomed for five dollars. She did not say a word to anyone—"Great talkers seldom are great doers"—but immediately began to save her spending money for this holy purpose. For five months she

bought no candy, nor could her companions induce her to go to the movies. At the end of this time she brought five dollars to her teacher and remarked simply, "Sister, won't you please send this to China for me, to ransom a heathen baby?"

This is an ideal gift. Precious graces always accompany acts of self-denial, and grace is what is needed above all things else to convert China.



CATHOLIC MISSION AT SUPU
OUR BOBBIES!

We still have a lot of bothersome Bobby Mite Boxes in our office, and they are forever clamoring for big hearted children to adopt them. Whenever a request comes in for one, they all begin to shout, "Take me!" so loud that we can hardly hear ourselves whistle! Once more we appeal to our bright, bustling, sunshiny little Missionaries to give them a good home, and "the sooner the quicker."

A pious remembrance is requested in the prayers and good works of the readers of The Sign in behalf of the following recently deceased

WALTER SMITH
ELIZABETH GRASSMANN
JANE MOREHOUSE
ROSELLA LOCKLEY
EDWARD MORIARTY
MARGARET C. EGAN
PETER CONWAY
GEORGE GAFFNEY
MARY F. FARRELL
HONORA DOYLE
JAMES WHEELER
ELLEN E. HAYES

May their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace.

ANOTHER CONTEST

The boys and girls of one of our Circles had a contest some time ago, to see which could save five dollars first and ransom a baby. The boys won, and they wrote us that the girls were so mad, they did not feed poor Bobby a single penny for a whole month. The girls wrote that to see the boys going around you would think that they had bought all of China instead of one little baby. We should like to see more of this holy rivalry.

ONE WORD MORE!

Try to make this a banner year for Mission work. Try to make a lot of friends for Bobby Mite Box. Don't be among the number of those who just look wise and let others do all the work. Let us hear what you are doing to fatten poor Bobby and what you think other children should do. Send us a picture of your smiling self, and help us all that you can to make this page interesting to all our dear Little Passionist Missionaries.

Wishing you all God's blessing, I remain,

Gratefully yours in the Passion
of Jesus.

DADDY SEN FU

Grateful acknowledgement is hereby made for donations received up to and including the 10th of September, for the Chinese Missions, and for the relief of the famine sufferers:

Our CIRCLES: No. 12 \$10.00. KENTUCKY: Louisville: Mrs. C. A. S., \$2.00. MARYLAND: Baltimore: J. C., \$3.00; M. R. U., \$3.00. MASSACHUSETTS: Boston: E. B., \$5.00; P. W. K., \$7.00; Haverhill: Mrs. M. H., \$2.00; Jamaica Plains: M. S., \$7.00; Marlboro: C. M. B., \$80.00; Springfield: B. O'C., \$5.00; M. A. J. W., \$1.00. MISSOURI: Pine Lawn: F. J. D., \$1.00; St. Louis: F. T., \$5.00. NEW JERSEY: Audubon: A. McG., \$1.00; Bellville: A. M. E., \$2.60; Dumont: Miss L., \$5.00; Jersey City: Mrs. M. C., \$10.00; M. G. McA.,

\$5.00; M. S., \$1.00; Laurel Hill: Miss L., \$5.00; Orange: G. H., \$10.00; Princeton: H. E. D., \$5.00; South Orange: Sr. M. P., \$10.00; West Hoboken: Miss E. C., \$5.00; Miss L. P., \$5.00; W. H., \$5.00. NEW YORK: Brooklyn: A. I. F., \$2.00; C. M. D., \$2.00; H. M., \$1.00; Srs. of P. B., \$2.00; Buffalo: Srs. of S. F., \$5.00; Anon., \$12.00; Dunkirk: Mrs. H. D., \$1.00; J. U., \$2.00; Jamestown: Miss K. H., \$3.00; New York: Mrs. E. O'B., \$5.00; F. A. S., \$2.50; North Tarrytown: M. T. McC., \$1.00; Rochester: L. K. S., \$25.00. PENNSYLVANIA: Car-

rick: Miss M. G., \$5.00; Erie: Anon., \$9.00; Anon., \$1.50; Lincoln Place: Miss A. J., \$5.30; Norwood: J. J. M., \$1.00; Philadelphia: M. G. D., \$5.00; Mrs. M. R., \$3.00; Pittsburgh: C. F., \$5.20; H. W., \$5.80; Miss L., \$3.80; Mrs. L. H., \$5.40; Miss McM., \$5.00; Scranton: L. C., \$5.00. OHIO: Cincinnati: Holy Cross School, Grade 2, \$6.00; Miss K. T., \$5.10; M. H., \$1.70; Miss R., \$5.60; Miss S. T., \$5.00. ENGLAND: LONDON: Anon., \$2.50.



INDEX TO WORTHWHILE READING

The Red Vineyard. Rev. B. J. Murdock. The Torch Press. Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Fr. Murdock, late chaplain to Canadian Expeditionary Forces, has given us a graphic account of his experiences in the Great War. He writes simple, out and out realism, portraying persons, places and things in their true colors, never striving after mere melodramatic effects.

The book will give the reading public a true insight into the work of the Catholic chaplain; his love for the boys and his influence with them; his intimate association with them both in camp and at the front; and his unceasing watchfulness over their souls in the midst of the awful horrors of war.

The many quaint little anecdotes interspersed throughout the book, enliven it and add to its charm. The author's own heroism is modestly referred to. One does not quickly forget such lines as, "I started forward. The shell fire was intense, but I prayed the Blessed Virgin to see me through. . . . A soldier advised me not to go any further. I'm afraid I was too worried about my men at the moment to heed any advice of this kind." And again "I knew that the enemy could see me and were firing at me for shells were crashing all about me. Terrified, I crouched flat on my stomach until I finished anointing the lad, who passed away before my work was done. Then I rolled over and lay still as if dead. A little later I rolled from shell hole to shell hole and off the field."

We wish well to this thrilling story by a true captain of Christ's army.

The Holy Angels. Rev. Raphael V. O'Connor. P. J. Kenedy & Sons. New York. \$1.50.

The average Catholic is familiar with the beautiful little prayer which begins, "Angel of God my guardian dear," but beyond this, his knowledge of, and devotion to the holy angels is, as a rule, practically nil.

In writing a book on this subject,

Fr. O'Connor's main purpose is to stimulate in the hearts of the faithful devotion to "all ministering spirits, sent to minister for them, who shall receive the inheritance of salvation." However, this little work is very instructive also, and, in fact, contains practically everything that is known from Sacred Scripture, tradition and reason, concerning the existence, nature and operations of the holy angels.

The author avoids lengthy discussions which might appear too obtrusive to the ordinary mind and presents the sound Catholic doctrine in a manner that is at once clear and concise. The four chapters on "Guardian Angels" are especially worthwhile. One can not read of these pure, bright spirits; of their sublime gifts; of their nearness to God and to us; of their ability to help us in all our trials, and their great willingness to do so, without invoking their assistance more devoutly and more frequently.

There are two splendid chapters on the glorious St. Michael, "Prince of the heavenly host," and one chapter on St. Gabriel, God's chosen ambassador to the Virgin Mary; and one on St. Raphael, whose mission of mercy and love is charmingly related.

Priests will find in this little volume much valuable material for talks to their Holy Angels' Sodality.

Up and Down Lourdes. Edith Cowell. Benziger Brothers. New York. \$1.25.

For persons who have not had the privilege of visiting Lourdes, the next best thing is to read this admirable little volume. Those who have actually knelt at the world-famed Grotto of Our Blessed Mother will find "Up and Down Lourdes" full of delightful reminiscences.

In 108 pages we are told nearly everything that is worth knowing about Lourdes. Its physical features, transient and permanent inhabitants, and the wonderful things that happen there, day in and day out, are described artistically, accurately, reverently, and with a certain charming piquancy

which makes the last chapter one has read taste like more.

The author's definition of Lourdes as "Here are children, come to see their Mother," is as beautiful as it is true. Her conviction that Lourdes is "above all a place of prayer," and, "a place above all others to learn what prayer means," is borne out by the testimony of innumerable other pilgrims.

The author's personality obtrudes a bit in places. At times, one gets the impression that certain things done in order to be written about afterward, as is, in fact, actually confessed in one instance. In spite of this minor defect, the book is thoroughly wholesome, interesting in every line. It deals with one of the greatest facts in all history in a fashion that is worthy of a clever literateur whose brain is clear, and whose heart is sound, as well as of Our Blessed Mother, who wishes that her children come in procession to her shrine.

The Secrets of the Religious Life. By a Member of the Society of Jesus. Translated from the French by Rev. Oliver Dolphin. MacMillan Co., New York. \$1.00.

This little book is a summary of all that is most practical regarding religious life, presented with "order, precision and force." Religious who are constantly engaged in active works for the neighbor need to peruse such books as this from time to time. They act like spiritual whetstones and help to put a new edge on correct, but somewhat blunted principles. This volume is especially well adapted for such salutary service to our Marthas, and our Marys, too, will find in it "the pure cream of religious instruction." It must be remembered however that such works as this are not intended to supplant our standard, complete, scientific treatises on the Religious Life. It is to be regretted that in this age of "hot-house holiness" there is a tendency to read only books which treat of the Religious Life "summarily," to the neglect of those which view it soberly and logically from every aspect and angle.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR



THIS picture represents Christ knocking at a door. It is symbolic of any inspiration He sends to our heart to do a good deed. "Behold I stand at the door and knock." He may use anything as an inspiration. To some this page may be one of His inspirations. Every good work should have our hearty approval. It should also have our help, if we can afford to give it. To help the Chinese Missions is not to throw something to a begging charity. It is a high privilege. Please regard it is such!

In helping the Missions you are extending the boundaries of Christ's Kingdom, you are bringing His grace to souls for whom He died, you are supporting the arms of His unselfish Missionaries, you are storing up treasure for eternity, you are working with Christ, who deigns not only to accept your help but even to need it!

CATECHISTS

A Catechist is absolutely necessary in every Chinese village, where there are only a few Catholics. His office is to teach Christian Doctrine, to preside at the public prayers when the priest cannot be present, to visit the sick, and baptize the dying. The sum of \$15.00 monthly will support a Catechist and permit him to give all his time to the work of the mission.

MISSION-CIRCLES

A mission-Circle is a group of persons who are interested in the missions and who contribute a definite sum every week for the missions. A Senior Circle is composed of men and women. A Junior Circle is composed of boys and girls. Why not start a Circle today. Write for further information.

OUR MISSIONARIES

Passionist Missionaries now laboring in China are:

Father Dominic Langenbacher
Father Celestine Rodden
Father Agatho Purtill
Father Raphael Vance
Father Paul Ubinger
Father Kevin Murray
Father Flavian Mullins
Father Timothy McDermott

Designated gifts and contributions for individual missionaries will be promptly forwarded.

MITE BOXES AND DIME BANKS

An easy way of helping the Missions is to patronize the Mite-Box or Dime-Bank. Coins dropped into these will not be missed. We have one ready for you. A card will fetch it by return mail. Write the card now!

BUILDINGS

Buildings are urgently needed in the Passionist Missions in Hu-

nan. Approximate cost of building:

A CHAPEL.....\$ 500.00
A SCHOOL..... 1,000.00
AN ORPHANAGE.... 5,000.00

Donors have the privilege of naming the building. What an honor to be allowed to erect a

HERE AND NOW!

We all wish to do something for God and Souls.

The difficulty with many of us is that we don't know how. On this page you will find some helpful hints. Read them carefully.

We are not ignorant—we know the True God. Help to bring the knowledge of Him to the pagans of China! We are rich—none of us is starving. Give something to feed the famine-stricken poor of China!

We have all the treasures of our Catholic Faith. Do something to bring that Faith, with its blessings, to the unfortunate Chinese!

Thoughtfulness and forgetfulness are the main reasons for many a neglected opportunity.

We often dream of doing big things which we'll probably never be able to do; and we fail to do the many little things that we can easily do. If your means are limited, don't think about building a chapel or school or orphanage. Just send us a nickel or a dime to buy a few bricks! Every gift to the Missions, no matter how small, will be gratefully received.

home for the Blessed Sacrament, or a school where Christ's religion is taught or an institution where the poor, the sick and the orphan are cared for in His Name! What better memorial to a deceased father or mother!

BRICKS

You may not be able to donate the money for an entire building. You can contribute to one. How about buying some bricks. They're cheap.

ONE BRICK—ONE CENT!

TRIP-SPONSORS

Trip-Sponsors pay the traveling expenses of the Missionaries from America to China. Expenses amount to about \$500.00. In a few months we shall have at least four more Missionaries going to China. Who will be the first Trip-Sponsor?

BABIES

You know what a Baby is. But (thank God!) you are not familiar with starving and abandoned Babies. These are very common in China. An abandoned Baby can be rescued for \$5.00. A starving Baby can be fed for \$5.00 a month. "As long as you did it to the least of My brethren, you did it unto Me!"

NO POCKETS

It is a great mistake to give nothing because you can give only a little. Give what you can. Make the most of your best. And—Now! There are no pockets in the shroud. We carry no worldly goods into eternity. Nothing but our souls!

ADDRESS

Please address all communications about the Passionist Missions in China to

THE SIGN

The Passionist Fathers
West Hoboken, N. J.



During the past month many have asked for Dime Banks or Mite Boxes. Did you forget to ask? It is one way of helping the Chinese Missions.



THE SIGN
West Hoboken, N. J.

Please send me Dime Bank
Mite Box for the Chinese Missions

(NAME)

(ADDRESS)

The Passionists

SKETCHES: HISTORICAL AND PERSONAL

BY THE VERY REV. FELIX WARD, C. P.

This splendid volume contains the history of the Passionist Order with special chapters on its growth in the United States.

It is charmingly written by one who is thoroughly familiar with the traditions of the Order and has had ready access to its historical documents.

This book will interest the general historian and the student of Church History. It will be a rich addition to the libraries of Religious Communities. It has a personal appeal for the friends of the Passionist Fathers.

Price, \$4.00

Postage, 20 Cents



Please Address Request
for your copy to

THE SIGN, West Hoboken, N. J.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED

FREDERICK BERKE

Carpenter and Builder

721 Dodd St. West Hoboken, N. J.

Jobbing Promptly Attended To

TEL. HOBOKEN 1455-1456

EARL F. BOSWORTH

Funeral Director

"Superior Service of the Highest
Standard"

311 WILLOW AVENUE
HOBOKEN, N. J.

OUR representative has called at the Brunswick Laundry, 220 Tonnelle Avenue, Jersey City, N. J., and made a thorough inspection of the Largest Laundry in America. He was astonished to find cleanliness and sanitation brought to perfection, he has found over 300 Employees, cheerful, healthy and satisfied with their jobs, their pay and their employers. Patrons are always invited to visit this large plant and see for themselves the process of washing and ironing. The Brunswick Laundry's policy has always been fair play to all employees and customers. We gladly recommend this firm to our readers.

KNOWN FROM COAST TO COAST

Yates

43rd St. at Times Square

Forty-five steps from Broadway

An Eading Place of Exceptional Merit

Moderate prices for the market's best. Clean and wholesome food served neatly and quickly.

Regularly patronized by hosts of men and women who know good food and appreciate low prices.

Banquets and Special Dinners Arranged

Telephone Bryant 9775

Joseph P. Morrissey

Manager



Artistic and Devotional Crucifixes

The Crucifix is the most valuable article of devotion for personal and home use.

No Catholic should be without a Crucifix to be constantly carried on the person.

Nothing is so inspiring in the home as an image of Christ Crucified.

We have been fortunate in securing at very reasonable prices a supply of artistic and devotional Crucifixes.

They are made of the finest genuine ebony wood with figures of silver oxidized French grey.

They will be sent postpaid on receipt of the price.

We are so sure that you will be pleased with any you buy that if you are not satisfied you may return it at our expense and we shall gladly refund your money.

No. 10. Size 11 inches 2.25

These Crucifixes can be blessed with the indulgences of a Happy Death and the Stations of the Cross

THE SIGN, West Hoboken, N. J.

STATEMENT OF CONDITION OF

Highland Trust Company Of New Jersey

Cor. Summit Avenue and Demott Street

AT TRANSFER STATION

WEST HOBOKEN, N. J.

At Close of Business, December 30, 1922

RESOURCES

| | |
|------------------------------|----------------|
| Stocks and Bonds | \$1,780,911.36 |
| Mortgages | 1,060,203.41 |
| Loans (Demand and Time) ... | 155,850.00 |
| Bills Purchased | 783,625.17 |
| Banking House | 85,241.22 |
| Furniture and Fixtures | 1.00 |
| Cash on Hand | 69,514.90 |
| Due from Banks | 252,434.18 |
| Accrued Interest | 31,287.05 |

\$4,219,068.29

LIABILITIES

| | |
|---------------------------|--------------|
| Capital | \$300,000.00 |
| Surplus and Profits | 103,571.34 |
| Deposits | 3,815,496.95 |

\$4,219,068.29

Trust Funds are kept separate from the assets of the Company

A Banking House of Merit

OUR
FRIENDLINESS
AND
HELPLESSNESS TO
OUR PATRONS IS
A VALUABLE
ASSET NOT
LISTED

2 Per Cent Interest
Allowed on Check Accounts

4 Per Cent Interest
Paid on Special Accounts

BUSINESS FIRMS and
INDIVIDUAL ACCOUNTS
CORDIALLY INVITED

All business entrusted to us will
receive prompt and accurate
attention

OFFICE HOURS

Daily from 9 A. M. to 3 P. M.
Saturdays, 9 A. M. to 12 M.
Monday evenings, 6 P. M. to
8:30 P. M.

CORRESPONDENCE
SOLICITED

S

d

n

of

er

re

ic

ss

i.

i.